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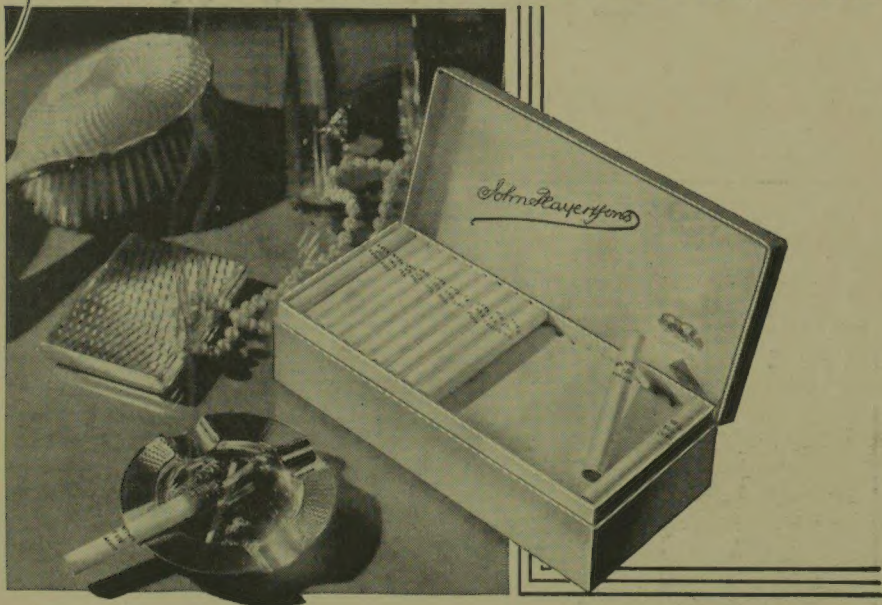
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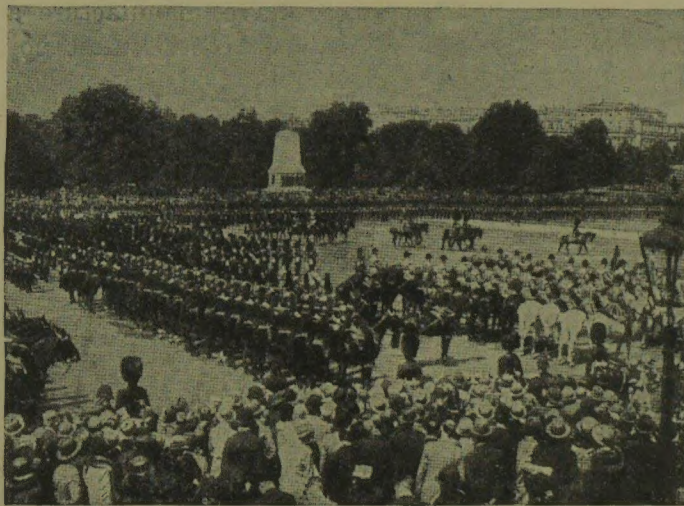
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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1932.



**AN ASSASSINATION OF WORLD-WIDE POLITICAL IMPORTANCE: THE MURDERED PREMIER OF JAPAN, MR. INUKAI—
A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VETERAN STATESMAN WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, MICHIKO INUKAI.**

The assassination of Mr. Inukai, Prime Minister of Japan, indicates political conditions in that country which may affect the rest of the world. Perhaps the most significant factor in the subsequent situation is the attitude of the Japanese Army. It was reported on the 17th that the military leaders had insisted on the formation of a strong National Government, declaring that, if there were any attempt to form a party Cabinet, they would refuse to nominate a War Minister. The murder of Mr. Inukai took place on Sunday, May 15, and was committed by a band of young men in military and naval uniform, who forced their way into his private apartments at his official residence and shot him. He died just after midnight. This crime was the culmination of a series of outrages in Tokio

on the same day, when bombs were thrown at five buildings, including the Bank of Japan, the Conservative Party headquarters, and the house of Count Makino, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. Afterwards eighteen naval officers and military cadets surrendered at the Military Gendarmerie. The crimes were regarded as the work of a fanatical gang, like that which recently murdered Mr. Inouye, Minister of Finance, and Baron Takuma Dan. Mr. Inukai became Premier last December, succeeding Baron Wakatsuki, who was threatened by the "Death Band." The previous Premier, Mr. Hamaguchi, was shot in November 1930, and died of his wounds last August. While these acts point to an element of chauvinism, they are not believed to represent any widespread revolutionary movement.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOMEBODY once said that brevity is the soul of wit, when he obviously meant to say that wit is the soul of brevity. It is obvious that the brevity is only the body, and the wit the spirit. And mere brevity, as in the statement "Cats eat rats," when left to itself, seems still to await some awakening visit of the divine fire. The proverb, however, like many other widely quoted maxims, is really as true as is consistent with meaning nearly the opposite of what it says. Economy of every kind has a great deal to do with effect of every kind. And it has often been more to the advantage of a man to say one good thing in one sentence than to say twenty good things in two thousand sentences. For the rest, the general statement of the principles of brevity would itself be brief. There would certainly be no need to discuss at length the rather obvious disadvantages of being lengthy. Most people would agree that even good writers can write too much, and that bad writers cannot write too little. Nevertheless, a particular problem has arisen in our own epoch, apart from the obvious practical complications that may arise in any epoch. Those who earn their living by writing, as I do, always write too much; on the other hand, there are writers at once more leisured and more laborious who write the same poem a hundred times, or even bring out three or four entirely different editions of the same book. Mr. George Moore has been an example of this paradox, and such writers may not unfairly be said to write at once too little and too much. But the practical problem I mean is more recent than the realism of Mr. George Moore. It is the question whether we more unduly increase the mass of literature by making it difficult to stop, or by making it easy to stop—and to begin again.

The mere forms of the older literature committed a man to carry on for a considerable time, like a man enlisting for the duration of the war. The modest youth who proposed to write an epic in twelve books may have felt epical, but hardly epigrammatical. The simple poet who produced a tragedy in five acts could not at the last moment turn the five-act tragedy into a three-act farce. But now that poetry, and literature in general, is free to appear in any form, it may naturally run to any length or stop at any point. This may lead to brevity in the poem, but it does not necessarily lead to brevity in the poet. Two hundred years ago, let us say, an English poet would sit down with the laudable intention of writing a long didactic poem on the correct cultivation of onions, or the most advisable construction of pig-sties; all set forth in beautiful rhymed decasyllables, brightened by entirely original selections from the Georgics and decorated by many fine flights of mythological fancy, about Ceres spreading her maternal mantle over the first onion, or Circe standing amid her pig-sties of ivory and gold. Everybody knows that the very latest poetical style has gone to the other extreme, and is not only brief, but abrupt. It is sometimes almost tactless in its introduction of

the onion into the drawing-room, or the pig into the parlour. The modern poet goes straight to the point, in some short and simple lyric that runs—

The hair of a hundred women chokes me
With a gluttonous smell of garlic . . .

and there you are; a simple human emotion described in two spontaneous lines. Or he will write of the pig question—

The world wobbles sickeningly,
Like the old grey sow in the greasy
morning light.

eighteenth-century poet was producing his interminable Georgic about pigs or onions, it kept him busy; but it also kept him quiet. Quite a long and restful period would elapse before it would even be finished, let alone printed; there would be plenty of time for his friends to rest and recuperate and get up their strength to read it, or their moral strength to pretend to have read it. He did not rush about in the interval hurling isolated onions in the faces of individual strangers. He did not bring the great grey sow with him into society, like a lap-dog, or let loose wild herds of Gadarene swine in the public streets. But the

modern poet's assaults on his inoffensive fellow-creatures, being more brief and disjointed, can also be more numerous and continuous. If he is so much intoxicated by an onion, he may be similarly maddened by a turnip; and if pigs for him so easily take to themselves wings and fly, the sky they populate may soon be raining cats and dogs. I mean that this modern habit of taking a detached image, with or without the elucidation of its indwelling idea, is to supersede the old reasoned arrangement of themes and thoughts. There is nothing to be said against it, except that there seems to be no end to it. And the epic of the mythological origin of onions did at least, somehow and somewhere, come at last to an end.

Granted that the old formal folios of epic and tragedy were too formal, it sometimes looks nowadays as if there would be no books except note-books or sketch-books. The notes may be short, but the notebook may be fairly long. The sketches may be smaller, but the sketch-book may be larger. Above all, the very smallness of the sketches establishes a standard which makes them more facile and therefore more frequent. I was looking the other day through a large anthology, or collection, of the most modern and advanced American poems. Most of them consisted of short impressions, with one or two arbitrary details in irregular verse; and that was all. I do not mean that they were worthless; a thousand things of the sort are worth seeing and may be worth saying. A brown trickle from a gutter makes a pool in the street, reflecting half a window and a scrap of sky; a black cluster of lamp-posts and top-hats is relieved against a strip of cold green sunset; the passing lights of a tram paint one side of a grey horse in a field a golden colour; a splash of green slime on a wall looks like sprawling fingers; and so on. Now, whether it sound egotistical or no, it is a fact that if I began

to write little paragraphs in free verse on such things, I should never stop writing them. I should write thousands and thousands of them. I do not deny the truth of such sights; I am always seeing them. I do not deny the suggestiveness of such sights; I am often moved by them. I only say that if the mere recording of them constitutes poetry, there ought to be a vast amount more poetry and a great many more poets. But whether that prospect be a glorious or an alarming one, I will not venture, on my own isolated example, to decide.



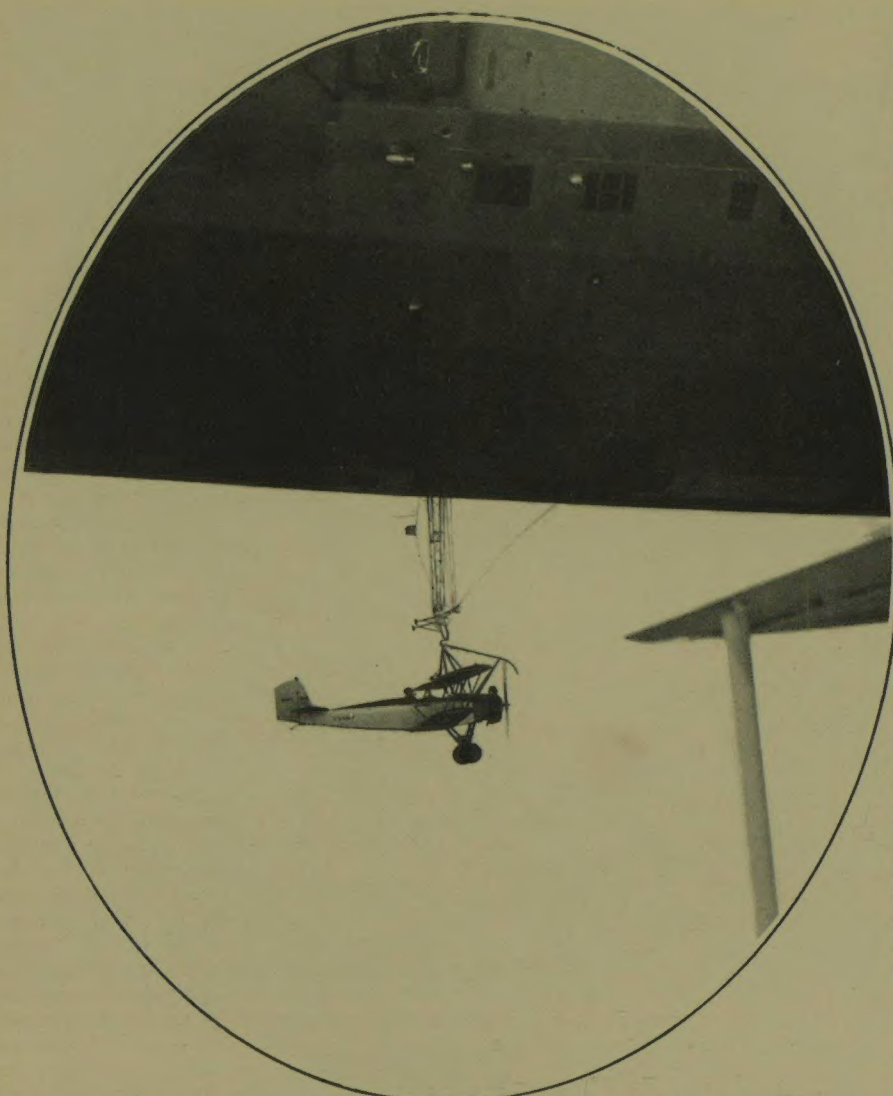
THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "QUEEN CHARLOTTE"—A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY GAINSBOROUGH ABOUT 1782.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727, and studied in London. He worked at Ipswich until 1760; at Bath until 1774; and in London until his death in 1788. This portrait (28½ by 23½ inches) was painted about 1782, and thus belongs to his mature period. It was purchased for the Museum for 500 guineas in 1879. Queen Charlotte (a German Princess who was married to King George III. in 1761 at the age of seventeen, and died in 1818, before the husband to whom she was devoted) had no reputation for beauty or elegance: when this picture was painted she was about thirty-eight years of age and already the mother of fourteen or fifteen children; but in her features, her oval face, her half-shut almond eyes, her grey hair melting into the subdued white of the lace cap, the artist has found charm and animation, an air of delicacy and distinction.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

And if brevity is really the soul of wit, this must be much wittier than the long eighteenth-century poem with its classical analogies. But, considering the problem in a practical way, I should hesitate about whether the new method will be really more brief than the old. Supposing that it is our simple, manly, and public-spirited purpose to stop both the poets from producing such a vast amount of poetry, I have a notion that, in the long run, the new poet will outstrip even the old poet in giving the world whole libraries of poetry to burn. After all, when the

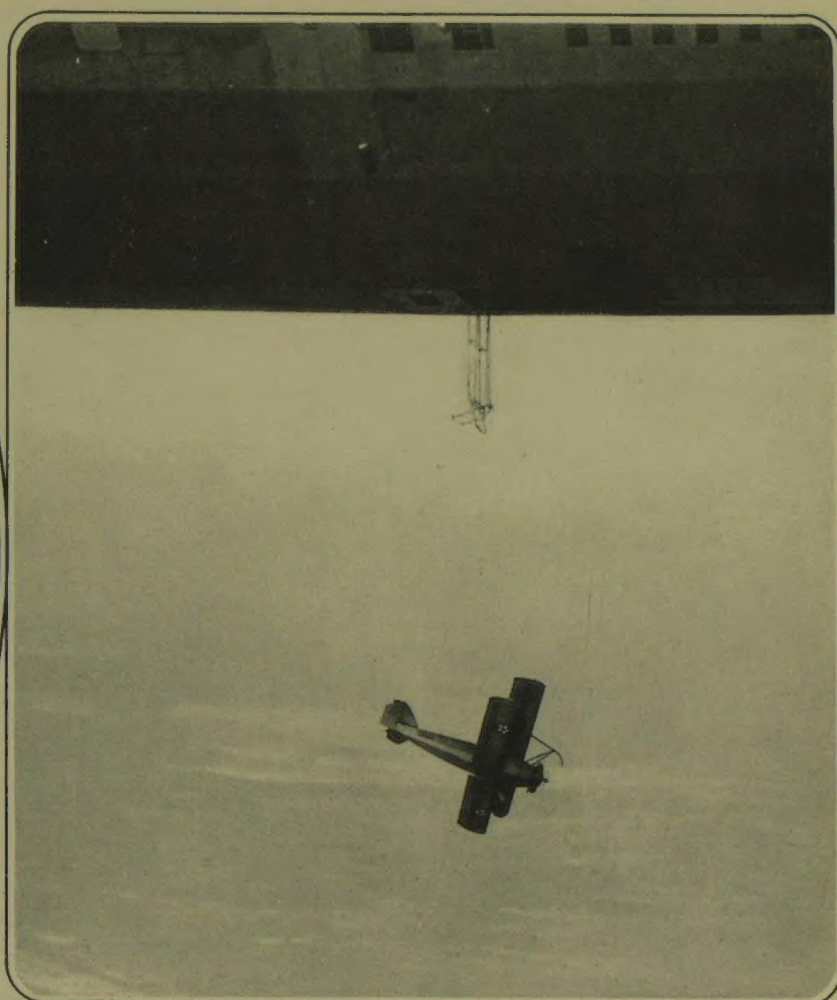
HAPPENINGS ABROAD: OCCASIONS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRSHIP (LATELY STORM-DRIVEN) PICKS UP ONE OF HER AERIAL SCOUTS: THE AEROPLANE HOOKS TO A TRAPEZE HUNG FROM THE "AKRON."

The United States naval dirigible "Akron," the world's largest airship, encountered a great thunderstorm over Texas on May 9, while flying from Lakehurst, New Jersey, to San Francisco, for naval manoeuvres. She had on board 17 officers and 77 men, including the five aeroplane pilots. At San Diego, on May 11, a cable snapped during mooring operations, and three sailors

[Continued on right.]



A METHOD BY WHICH PASSENGERS MIGHT BE LANDED FROM COMMERCIAL AIRSHIPS: ONE OF THE "AKRON'S" FIVE AEROPLANES DROPPING AWAY FOR A FLIGHT.

of the ground crew were carried up into the air clinging to ropes. Two fell and were killed, but the third was hauled into the airship. The "Akron" carries five aeroplanes in a compartment of her hull. When one leaves for a flight, it is placed on a trapeze, lowered through an opening, and released in mid-air. On return it is picked up on the trapeze and hauled back. This device suggests a method for landing passengers from a commercial airship.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ORIGINAL COACH CARRIES HIS LIVING IMPERSONATOR AT THE BICENTENARY PAGEANT IN NEW YORK: THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY NEAR THE WASHINGTON ARCH (SEEN IN LEFT BACKGROUND).

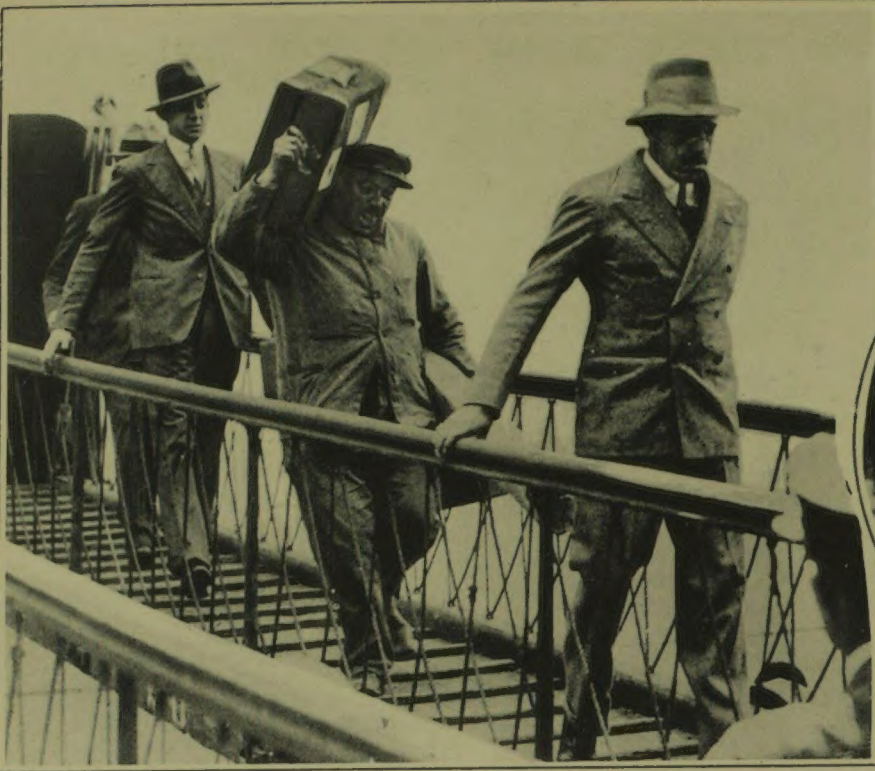
Celebrations of the bicentenary of George Washington's birth (at Wakefield, Virginia, on February 22, 1732) began on the anniversary. In New York, on April 30, took place a parade and a pageant re-enacting scenes of 1789, when Washington came to Manhattan to be inaugurated President of the United States. In the pageant he was impersonated by Mr. Kenneth M. Murchison. A reproduction of the Federal Hall had been erected for the "inauguration."



"STUDY AND SHOOTING MAKE THE PERFECT FASCIST": SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (AT WINDOW ABOVE) BRANDISHING A RIFLE AND A BOOK IN AN "APPEAL TO YOUTH" AT A GATHERING OF STUDENTS.

On May 12 Signor Mussolini addressed a gathering of about 10,000 University and high school students of Rome, with winners in the Fascist Games from other Italian universities. Speaking from a balcony in the Piazza Venezia, he urged young Fascists to keep their minds on their books and their rifles. Withdrawing for a moment, he returned brandishing a rifle in one hand and a book in the other, and laughingly shouted: "Study and shooting make the perfect Fascist."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE ATTACK ON EX-KING ALFONSO: THE EX-KING AND HIS SON, PRINCE JUAN, COMING ASHORE AT MARSEILLES JUST BEFORE THE ASSAULT.

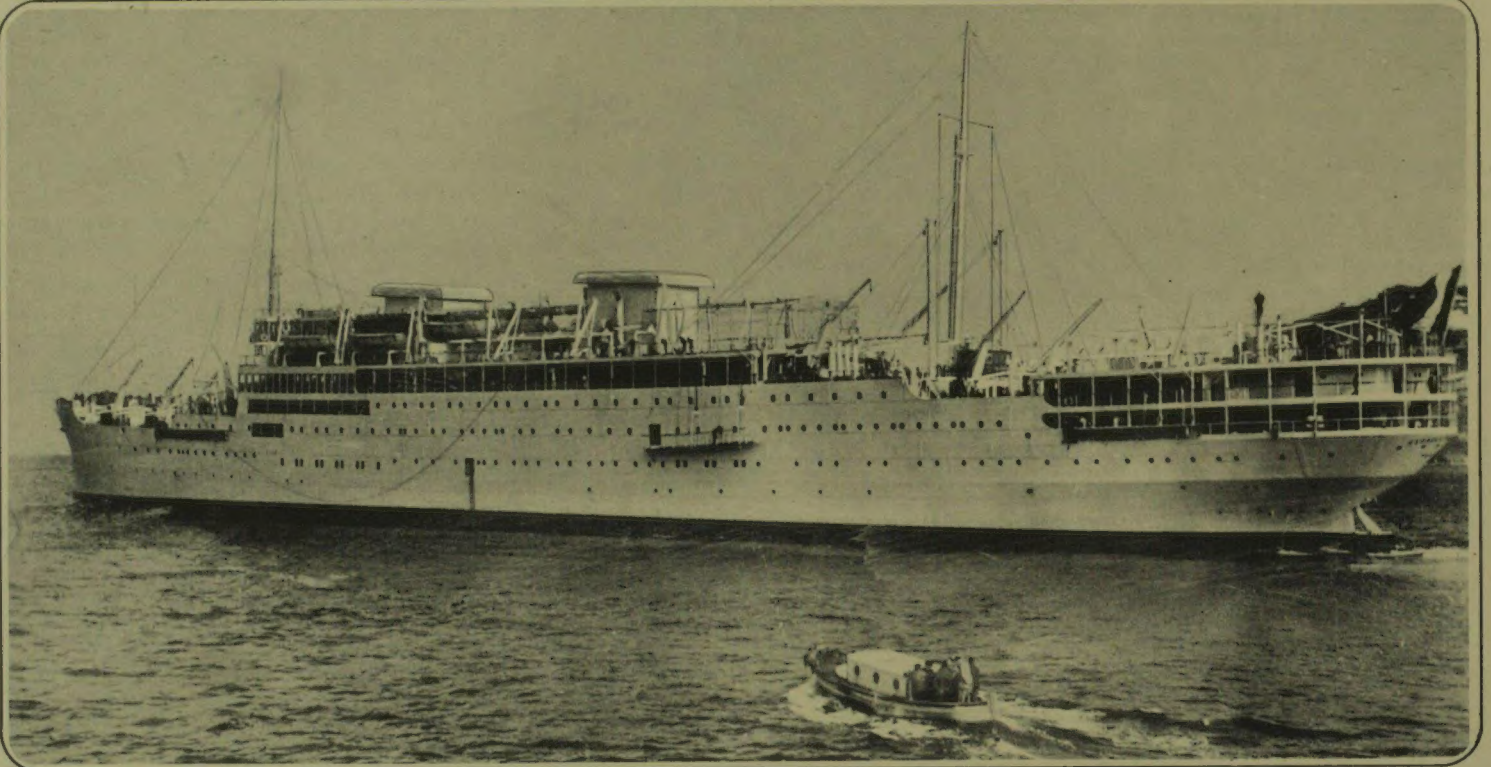
As he was walking through a shed on the quay immediately after disembarking from the liner "Strathaird" at Marseilles on May 13, ex-King Alfonso was suddenly attacked by a Spanish docker, who leapt forward and struck him in the face. The ex-King had just arrived from Malta and was met at Marseilles by his son, Prince Juan, who went on board to greet him. When the assault occurred Prince Juan grappled with the man, who was soon overpowered. The



THE ATTACK ON EX-KING ALFONSO: HIS ASSAILANT, A SPANISH LABOURER CALLED GONZALES MANCANARES, BEING ARRESTED AFTER STRIKING THE EX-KING. assailant was alleged to have said that, as a Republican, he could not bear to see the ex-King travelling in luxury, and gave way to an impulse to attack him. He remained in custody, although the ex-King, who was not seriously hurt, asked for his release. Prince Juan is on his way to India to continue his naval training in a British war-ship.

THE FRENCH LINER ON WHICH FIRE BROKE OUT WHEN SHE WAS IN THE GULF OF ADEN, OFF CAPE GUARDAFUI: THE "GEORGES PHILIPPAR."

The new 17,000-ton liner, "Georges Philippar," belonging to the Messageries Maritimes, was abandoned on May 16 after fire had broken out aboard. Of the nine hundred people in her—six hundred passengers and three hundred crew—698 were rescued by one Russian and two British vessels which happened to be near; but the fate of the remaining two hundred and the number of casualties were still unknown at the time of going to press. Eleven British passengers are reported to have joined the ship at Shanghai on April 23. Among the rescued passengers is Dr. Alfred Sze, formerly Chinese Minister in London, and now Chinese Delegate to the League of Nations.



A CLASH BETWEEN STUDENTS AND POLICE ARISING OUT OF THE CATALAN STATUTE: THE ARREST OF STUDENTS AT SARAGOSSA UNIVERSITY.

The debate on a Statute of Catalonia began in the Cortes on May 6, and strong feeling for and against Catalan autonomy resulted during the following week in various disturbances in Madrid and other parts of Castile. At Saragossa University police used their pistols, after having first been fired upon—perhaps by agitators mixed with the students, perhaps by students themselves. The police entered the University, and, as our photograph shows, made many arrests.



PREPARING FOR ANOTHER ASCENT INTO THE STRATOSPHERE: PROFESSOR PICCARD (LEFT) BRINGING HIS NEW ALUMINIUM GONDOLA TO BRUSSELS UNIVERSITY.

It is reported that the young physicist, M. Max Cosyns, has been appointed by Professor Piccard to make an ascent into the stratosphere in June, and it is possible that Professor Piccard himself will accompany him as pilot. Our photograph shows the new gondola in which the ascent is to be made. It is the same size as the old one, but it is painted white to keep the interior as cool as possible, and there are several minor improvements in the construction.

GREAT FIRES: FIGHTING FLAMES AND FUMES IN NEW YORK AND LONDON.



WHEN OVER SEVEN HUNDRED FIREMEN WERE ENGAGED AND A HUNDRED AND FIFTY HAD TO BE TAKEN TO HOSPITAL: THE BURNING OF THE HUGE CUNARD PIER AT THE FOOT OF FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ONE OF THE FIRE-BOATS AT WORK.

The famous West Side (No. 54) Pier, New York, one of the piers used by the Cunard Company, was destroyed by fire on May 6. Over seven hundred firemen did their utmost, working from the ground, from water-towers, and from fire-boats; but their efforts were unavailing—a fact which will cause no surprise when it is remembered that a hundred and fifty of the men had to be taken to hospital for treatment. Not only was the heat intense, but the dense clouds of acrid smoke and noxious fumes were a grave menace. Luckily, the Cunard Company have other piers in New York; so their vessels will not suffer delay. The burnt-out pier cost nearly half a million pounds.

WHEN THE NEW ALL-METAL WATER-TOWER WAS USED FOR THE FIRST TIME: FIGHTING THE FIRE AT BARCLAY'S, IN FARRINGTON STREET, NEAR THE MEMORIAL HALL, WHICH IS IN THE CITY OF LONDON'S "DANGER ZONE."

A fierce fire broke out on the night of May 14 in the six-storeyed building, in Farringdon Street, which is occupied by Messrs. Barclay and Sons, druggists' sundriesmen. The "district call" was answered with great speed. The firemen met with very considerable difficulties. Working from the ground, on the roof, within the building, and from the tops of water-towers which enable them to use their hoses at a height of sixty feet, they had to face particularly strong fumes. Indeed, even those who were gas-masked had to be relieved at short intervals. The premises were unoccupied at the time of the outbreak. Traffic was diverted for several hours. The chief public interest centred in the water-towers, and it was noted that the men using them were in telephonic communication with their comrades below.





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By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

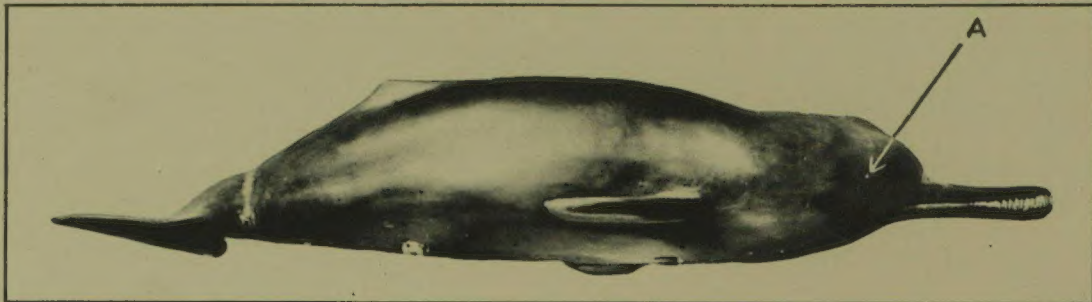
THOUGH we all affect to agree that it is unwise, or even dangerous, to accept things at their face value, we very commonly fall into that error; often because it saves trouble. Sometimes, however, it has to be done for lack of any known method of analysis within the compass of the would-be enquirer. I know of no more effective means of gaining a rapid insight into the pitfalls of "face value" than that furnished by the study of natural history. Turn where you will, it will be found, on a little thoughtful examination, that "things are not what they seem." Here the cocksure will soon find that he cannot infallibly trust the evidence of his own eyes, nor can he, with any more assurance, trust the evidence of any other source of information, until he has put his first conclusions to the test of repeated examination. Even then he must take no small

than enable the creature to distinguish light from darkness. Now, there are other dolphins which have shared a like fate, under like conditions. A thousand miles up the Yangtze-Kiang are two species, living

as the effect of sustained stimuli acting on their tissues. We apparently find the rudiments of these curious plates in *Lipotes*. If we knew more of the life-history of this animal, we might discover some peculiarity in

its method of "blowing," as the act of violently expelling air from the nostrils, common to the whale tribe, is called. This, we may suppose, has set up ossification of some of the fibrous tissue investing this area. In the susu—so called from the noise it makes when "blowing"—the stresses and strains on this fibrous tissue having increased, a vastly greater extension of bony tissue has resulted, till at last the great plates now grafted on to the upper jaw have come into being.

But this is not the only singularity of this strange creature. Indeed, it furnishes



1. THE SUSU (*PLATANISTA GANGETICA*), A REMARKABLE DOLPHIN THAT LIVES IN THE GANGES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE GREAT LENGTH OF THE TEETH, AND THE PIT (A) WHICH IS ALL THAT REMAINS TO SHOW WHERE THE EYE SHOULD BE—THE SUSU BEING BLIND.

In an extremely interesting article which appeared on this page on May 23 last, a description was given of the curious teeth of the Susu. In spite of its outward appearance closely resembling that of "ordinary" dolphins, the Susu differs from such dolphins internally in a marked degree.

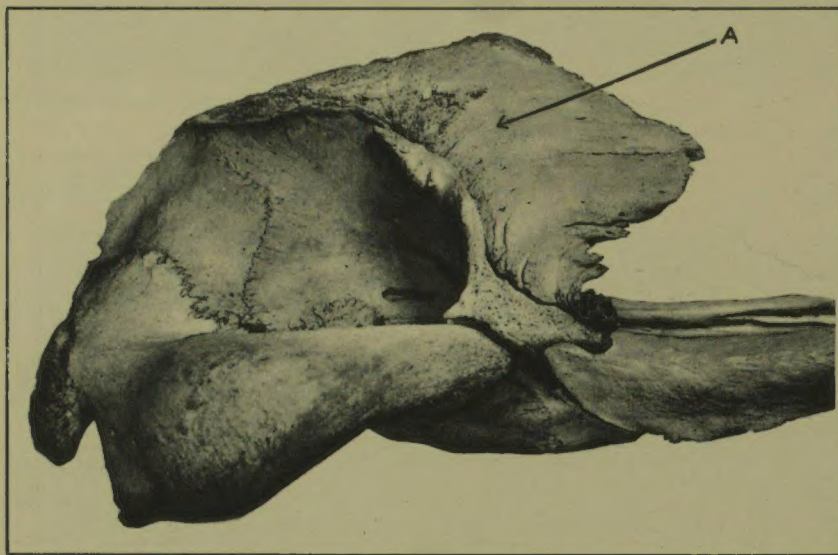
side by side, and I had the good fortune to dissect examples of both some years ago. One of these is the *Lipotes vexillifer*, some 9 ft. long; the other is smaller than our common porpoise. Both are blind. But the list of these blind cetacea is not ended yet. There is the Inia of the Amazons, and the La Plata dolphin of Buenos Aires. That is to say, there are five species, resident in widely different parts of the world, and all sharing this fate of blindness through living in turbid water. How do they find, and capture, their food? All but the little finless porpoise (*Meomeris*) feed on fish, but he prefers a diet of shrimps!

I am not, however, concerned now with their mode of life so much as with the fact that they all, externally, look alike. Not even the expert could form any conclusions as to what he would

enough material, in the way of unusual structural modifications, to fill a book. And not the least of these are the teeth, which I have already described on this page. The scapula, or "blade-bone," for example, is unlike that of any other of the tooth-bearing cetacea, and the same is true of the wrist-bones.

In the present state of our knowledge it is hopeless to find an explanation of these puzzling departures from what we may call the normal. They are puzzling because we cannot correlate them with any special activities of the living animal. Like all other dolphins, marine or fresh-water, it lives suspended in the water, and, so far as is known, its mode of progression in this medium does not differ from that of its congeners. The external form of the body alone suffices to show this. What is there, then, going on beneath the surface to bring about these mysterious changes in the fore-limb and its supporting girdle?

Other aspects of its internal anatomy, such as the stomach and the reproductive organs, indicate a primitive type, but the many peculiarities I have mentioned here are the reverse of primitive—they are evidences of a high degree of specialisation. Here, then, is a splendid example of the danger of assuming that creatures which resemble one another externally will be no less like one another when their internal organisation comes to be examined.



2. A REMARKABLE FEATURE OF THE SUSU'S SKELETON: A SIDE VIEW OF THE CRANIUM; SHOWING ONE OF THE GREAT PAIR OF BONY PLATES (A) WHICH HAVE GROWN UP ON EACH SIDE OF THE BLOW-HOLE.

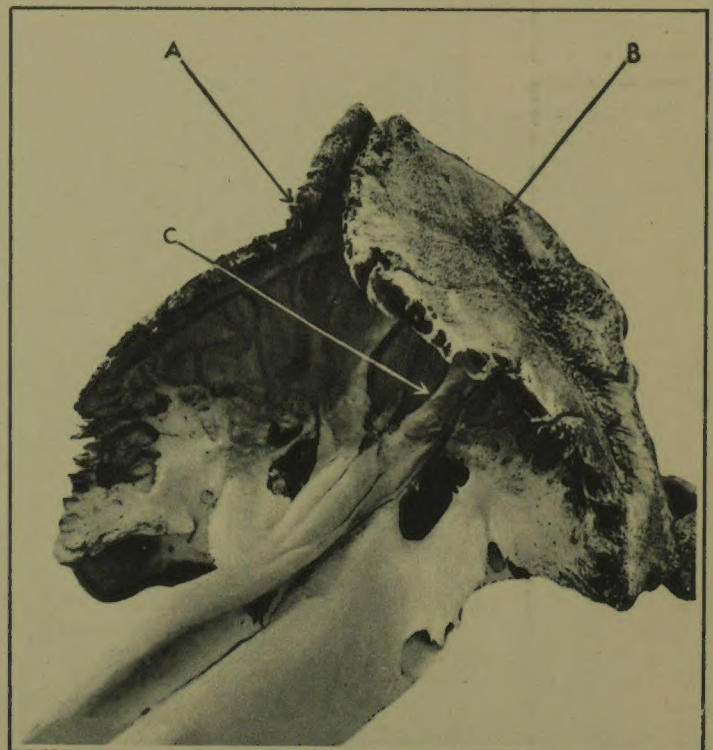
"If we knew more of the life history of this animal," the writer notes on this page, "we might discover some peculiarity in its method of 'blowing,' as the act of violently expelling air from the nostrils . . . is called. This, we may suppose, has set up ossification of some of the fibrous tissues surrounding this area."

pains to set about his task in a proper frame of mind. He must be indeed a seeker after Truth, rather than of self-justification.

No more illuminating illustration of the unsatisfactory evidence tendered us by our eyes can be found than in watching the movements of one of the "wheel-animals" through a microscope, or the flight of birds, or the career of a galloping horse. Until the advent of instantaneous photography, we found no cause to quarrel with the artist who depicted this animal suspended in mid-air, with his forelegs stretched out to their uttermost in front, and his hind-legs as far backwards as they would go. The artist of to-day shows us the galloping horse as the camera sees it, and somehow we all agree to accept his presentation, knowing well that it is not as our eyes see it. And therein we show that we prefer truth to fiction in this matter.

St. Paul bade us "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." But that injunction sometimes amounts almost to a counsel of perfection. For there are some things which are beyond the plain man to investigate, either from lack of material or from lack of training. I was reminded of this the other day in the course of some work on the dolphin tribe which I have in hand. The particular species I was studying was the "susu," a very singular animal found in the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and Indus. As will be seen in the adjoining photograph, it has an unusually long "beak" and a formidable array of teeth. As a consequence of life in turbid water, it has become blind. At any rate, the eye has been reduced to such minute proportions that at most it can do no more

find when he came to examine these bodies on the dissecting-table. Then some quite surprising differences are brought to light. The most outstanding of all is the susu. Its remarkable teeth I described on this page some while ago—on May 23 last, to be exact. But I now want to enlarge upon an even more singular feature of the skull. Unlike any other known cetacean, or, for the matter of that, any other known mammal, it displays two enormous bony plates rising, one on each side, from the maxilla, to form a cavernous chamber for the nasal sacs which surround the blow-hole. It seems to have had its origin in a pair of bony nodules found in connection with these air-pockets by my friend Mr. M. A. C. Hinton and myself, some years ago in the Chinese *Lipotes*, suggesting that the two animals, now so widely sundered, shared a common ancestor. But be this as it may, the existence of these plates is so far inexplicable. Their size and position are shown in the accompanying photograph. I now no longer believe in "idiosyncrasies of growth," though I believe I coined this phrase to explain the inexplicable. It seems to me, on more mature reflection, that all structures, whether we can explain their nature or not, have come into being



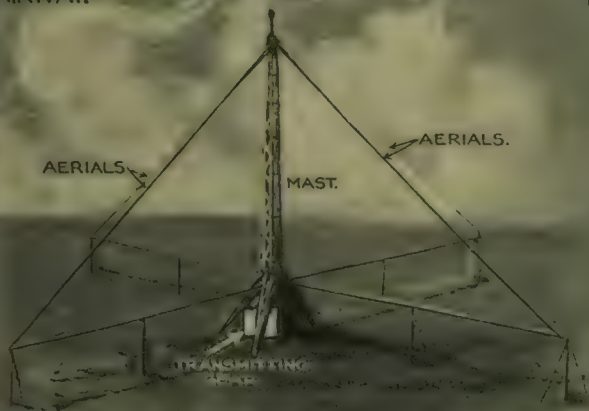
3. THE CRANIUM OF THE SUSU AS SEEN FROM IN FRONT: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE RIGHT AND LEFT PLATES (A, B) DIVIDED FROM ONE ANOTHER ALONG THE RIDGE; WHILE THE NORMAL BLOW-HOLE (C) CAN BE SEEN IN THE DEEP CAVERN THAT THEY FORM.

The blow-hole has been somewhat twisted to the left. This twisting, or asymmetry, of the blow-hole is a feature common to all the "toothed whales," and is so far unexplained.

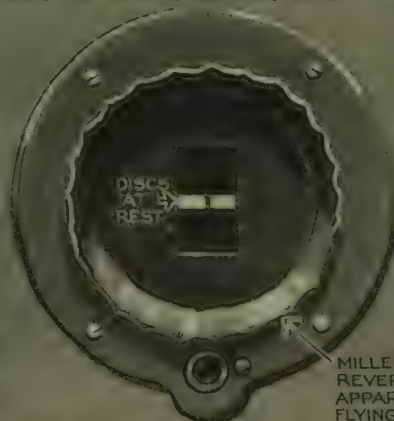
SEEING THE WAY BY WIRELESS: VIBRATING BANDS AS GUIDES FOR PILOTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LTD., LONDON.

THE SIGNAL BEACON AT THE AIRPORT OF LONDON, CROYDON, WHICH SENDS OUT A CARRIER WAVE HAVING AN AXIS OF MAXIMUM INTENSITY DIRECTED ON THE LONDON-CONTINENT AIRWAY.

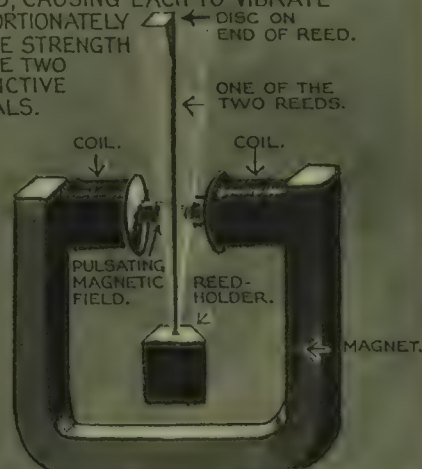


THE VISUAL INDICATOR, FIXED IN FRONT OF THE PILOT, HAS TWO HORIZONTAL DISCS, WHICH VIBRATE RAPIDLY UP AND DOWN AND PRODUCE TO THE EYES TWO BANDS OF WHITE SIDE BY SIDE.

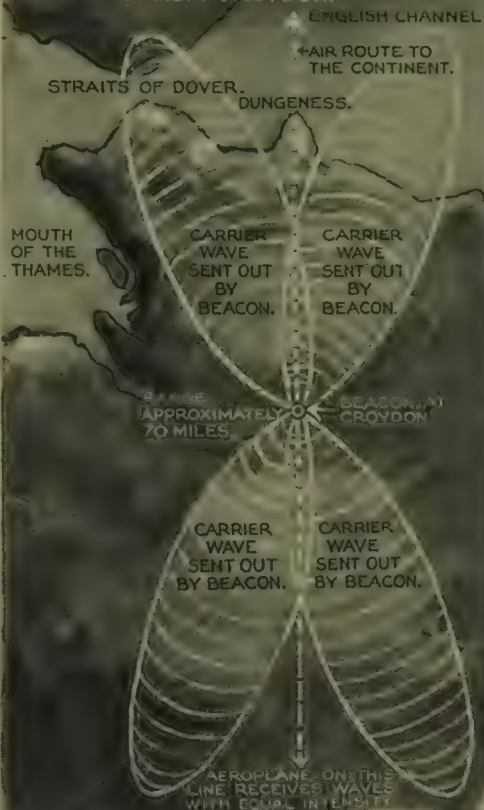


MILLED FOR REVERSING THE APPARATUS WHEN FLYING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

ONE REED IS TUNED AT 65 CYCLES & THE OTHER AT 86.7 CYCLES. THE ACTION OF THE BEACON SIGNALS PRODUCES A PULSATING MAGNETIC FIELD WHICH ACTS UPON THE REEDS, CAUSING EACH TO VIBRATE PROPORTIONATELY TO THE STRENGTH OF THE TWO DISTINCTIVE SIGNALS.



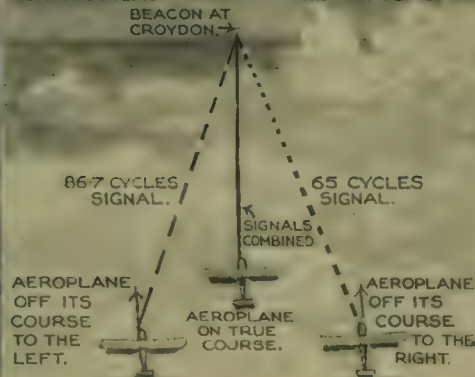
THE LINES OF SIGNAL STRENGTH FROM CROYDON.



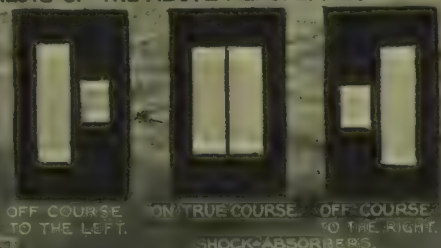
THE REED INDICATOR MOUNTED ON THE INSTRUMENT BOARD IN VIEW OF THE PILOTS.



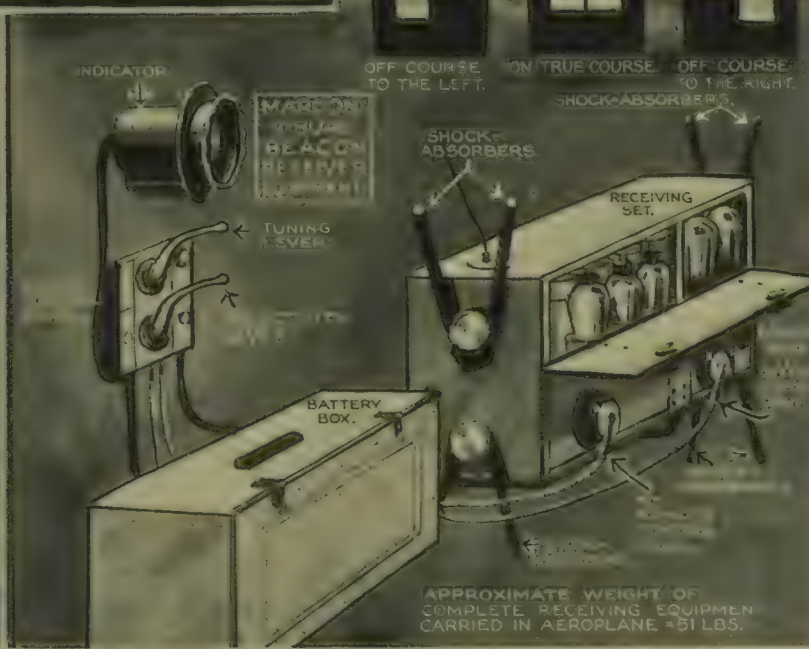
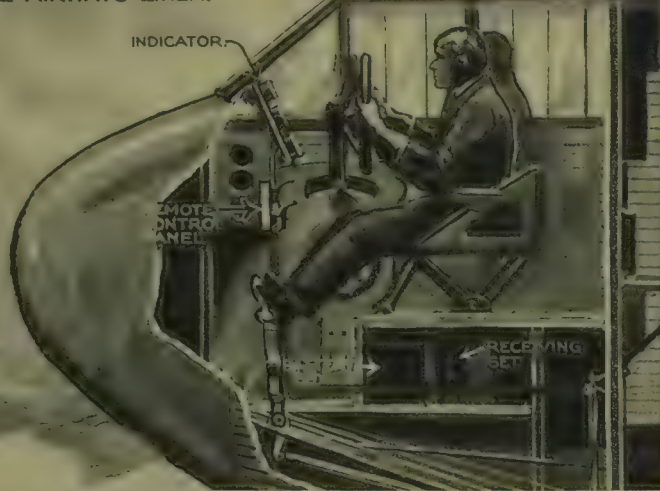
THE SIGNALS SENT OUT FROM THE BEACON GUIDING AEROPLANES TO THE AERODROME.



INDICATOR READINGS IN FRONT OF THE PILOTS OF THE ABOVE AEROPLANES.



THE EQUIPMENT IN AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER.



APPROXIMATE WEIGHT OF COMPLETE RECEIVING EQUIPMENT CARRIED IN AEROPLANE = 51 LBS.

ENABLING THE AIRMAN TO KEEP A STRAIGHT LINE WHEN FLYING BLIND: THE LATEST WONDER OF DIRECTIONAL WIRELESS, WHICH IS TO BE USED FOR THE LONDON-CONTINENTAL AIR-LINERS.

The method of directing the pilots of aircraft flying to and from Croydon is about to be revolutionised by the new directional visual beacon station now being completed at Croydon. With the new device the pilot sees whether or no he is steering a correct course just as easily as he reads his altimeter. The Visual Indicator is situated on the dashboard in front of the pilot. In the centre of the dial may be seen two bands of white, side by side. These, actually, are the ends of two reeds, equal in height when vibrating at the same amplitude. The Beacon station at the Aerodrome consists of a tower about 200 feet high, supported by four legs beneath which is the transmitting apparatus. From the top of the tower four aerial wires run diagonally to points below. The station emits a continuous carrier-wave having an axis of maximum intensity on a straight line betwixt Croydon and Dungeness—the route usually followed by air liners. This carrier-wave is emitted directly at two distinct

frequencies (namely, 86.7 cycles and 65 cycles) in such a manner that a wireless receiver in an aeroplane flying within range of the directional line will pick up the two low-frequency notes and cause the reeds in the Visual Indicator to vibrate so rapidly that they appear as bands of white. Should the aeroplane be flying to the left of the directional line, then the reed on the left becomes a long vertical band, and the right reed becomes a short band. Thus the pilot, seeing he is off his course, would turn until the two bands are equal. The aeroplane's aerial is a vertical rod fixed in a convenient position. Further refinements later on will consist of additional signal-stations placed along the route at various points, which will give distinctive signals, and thus help the pilot to simplify his duties and keep him true to his course by glancing at the Indicator. The apparatus is chiefly for use in hazy weather or when flying above the clouds; in other words, when the pilot is flying blind.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



DR. PAGET TOYNBEE.

Died May 13; aged seventy-seven. A great English Dante scholar. Author of a "Life of Dante" (published 1900); "Dante in English Literature"; and "Britain's Tribute to Dante in Literature and Art."



NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER: THE RT. REV. G. F. FISHER.

Appointed Bishop of Chester on the resignation of the Right Rev. H. L. Paget. Headmaster of Repton since 1914. Studied at Wells Theological College. For some time assistant master at Marlborough.



FORCED DOWN IN THE ATLANTIC: MR. LOU REICHERS.

Forced down in the Atlantic while attempting to fly from New York to Paris via Dublin; and picked up by the "President Roosevelt," forty-seven miles off the Fastnet Light. The wing and fuselage of his machine had been damaged.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES: SIR PHILIP GAME.

Dismissed Mr. Lang from the Premiership. (Mr. Lang had caused an illegal circular to be published.) Commanded R.A.F. in India from 1922 to 1923. Appointed Governor N.S.W., 1930.



MR. J. T. LANG.

Former Premier of New South Wales. Was dismissed his office by the Governor on May 13, on the occasion of the publication of a circular to Departmental heads forbidding them to pay money to the Commonwealth Bank.



THE TENTH LORD EGMONT.

The "Rancher" Earl. Died on May 16 (aged fifty-nine) from the effects of a motoring accident. Left England in boyhood and became a rancher in Alberta. Succeeded to the title in 1929.



THE LINDBERGH TRAGEDY: CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH, WHOSE DEAD BODY WAS FOUND NEAR THE HOPEWELL ESTATE ON MAY 12.

It was announced on May 12 that the body of Captain Lindbergh's kidnapped son had been found near the Hopewell estate. Apparently, an attempt had been made to bury the body face downwards. An autopsy showed that the child had died from a compound fracture of the skull. The body was identified by means of the clothing. Later, President Hoover directed all law-enforcement agencies and the secret services of the Federal Government to assist the police to hunt the criminals.



MR. B. S. B. STEVENS.

Leader of the United Australia (Opposition) party in New South Wales. Appointed Premier of New South Wales following the dismissal of Mr. Lang, and previous to a probable general election.



THE ELEVENTH LORD EGMONT.

Only son of the late Lord Egmont. His titles include an Irish baronetcy, with the peculiar privilege that the eldest son, on coming of age, "exists a baronet" at the same time as his father or, possibly, his grandfather.



THE LATE LORD EBURY, D.S.O., M.C.

Died May 15; aged forty-eight. Had a varied career in Canada, and distinguished himself in the Great War. Went to Canada in 1903 as a metallurgical chemist. Was senior staff officer of the 4th Canadian Division.



THE DRAMATIC FINAL OF THE DUNLOP-SOUTHPORT GOLF TOURNAMENT: T. H. COTTON, THE WINNER, APPROACHING THE FOURTEENTH GREEN.

T. H. Cotton (Langley Park) beat W. T. Twine (Bromley and Bickley) in the replayed tie for the first prize of the Dunlop-Southport Professional Tournament, over thirty-six holes on the Hesketh Club course. The replay took place on May 14. Cotton won by one stroke. The respective scores were 145 and 146. Extreme partisanship by the crowd was a feature of the match, and this went to such lengths that when Cotton missed a putt, applause was heard.



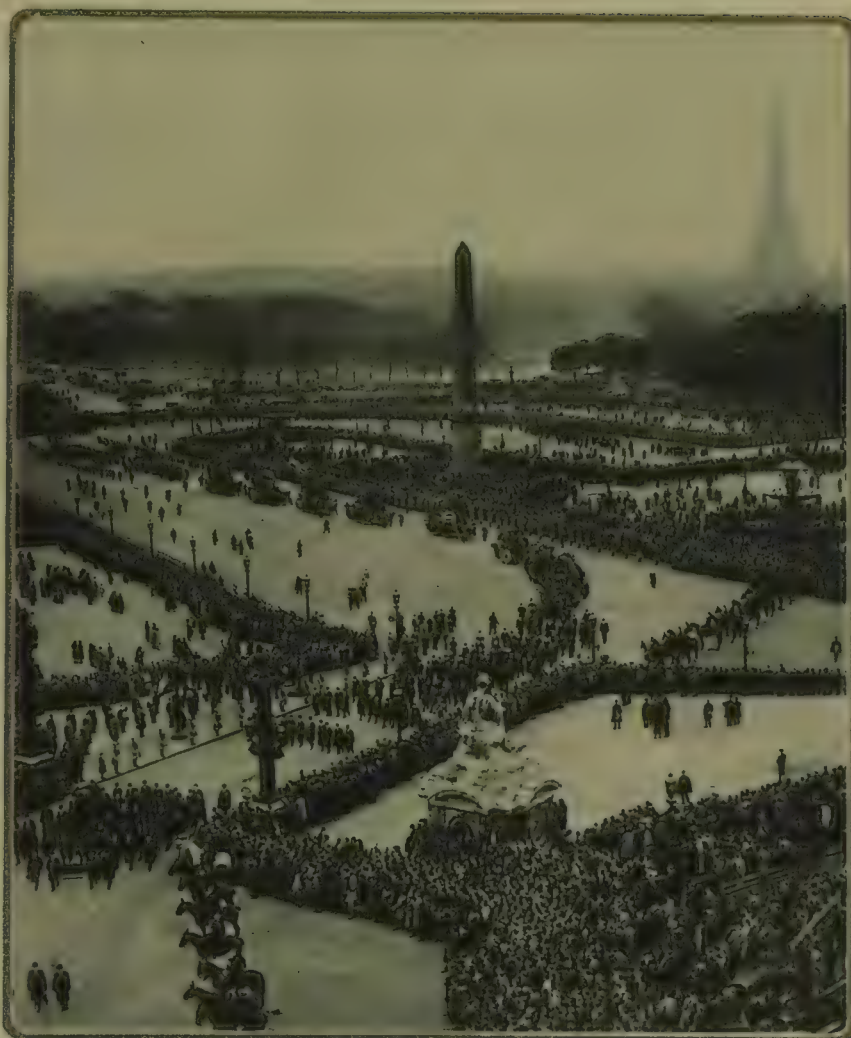
THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE UNITED STATES PLAYERS ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.

The United States lady golfers selected to meet Great Britain in the Ladies' International Match arrived at Southampton on May 11. Miss J. Wethered welcomed them at Waterloo. Our photograph shows (l. to r., above) Miss M. Orcutt, Miss Marion Hollins (Captain); Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare; and (below) Mrs. O. S. Hill, Miss Virginia Van Wie, Mrs. Harlie Higbie, Miss H. Hicks (U.S. woman champion), and Mrs. Louis Cheney (Mrs. Leona Pressler).

HOMAGE OF FRANCE TO HER SLAIN CHIEF: A NATION'S TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT DOUMER.



SETTING OUT ON HIS LAST PROGRESS FROM THE ELYSÉE: THE FUNERAL CAR CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE MURDERED PRESIDENT EMERGING FROM THE GATES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.



PARIS AS A SCENE OF MOURNING PAGEANTRY: THE HEARSE (EXTREME LEFT), PRECEDED BY EIGHT FLOWER-LADEN CARRIAGES, IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—WITH THE EIFFEL TOWER (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



THE FUNERAL COACH, DRAPED WITH BLACK AND SILVER HANGINGS AND DRAWN BY SIX BLACK HORSES SIMILARLY CAPARISONED: A CLOSE VIEW DURING THE PROCESSION THROUGH PARIS, SHOWING THE MILITARY ESCORT, FOUR OF THE PALL-BEARERS, AND (WALKING IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE HEARSE) THE THREE NURSING SISTERS WHO HAD TENDED THE DYING PRESIDENT DURING HIS LAST HOURS IN THE BEAUJON HOSPITAL.

The funeral of M. Paul Doumer (thirteenth President of the Third Republic in France), recently assassinated by a Russian fanatic, took place in Paris on May 12. It was a great national tribute to a revered statesman who had spent a long life in the service of his country. The wide spaces of Paris, and its historic buildings, provided, as on similar occasions, an incomparable setting for impressive mourning pageantry. The proceedings began at an early hour. Shortly before 8 a.m. the stately funeral coach arrived at the Elysée, the coffin was placed within it, and the procession started for Notre Dame. The pall-bearers, walking

beside the hearse and holding chains attached to the sides, were Marshal Franchet d'Esperey; Vice-Admiral Durand-Viel, Chief of the Naval General Staff; the Rector of the University of Paris; M. Broussemiche, President of the National Federation of ex-Service Men; M. Albert Sarraut, ex-Governor of Indo-China; Dr. Julia and M. Payelle, friends of the late President. Immediately behind the hearse walked three nursing sisters from the Beaujon Hospital who had tended President Doumer during his last hours. Other scenes of the funeral are illustrated on our two succeeding pages.

WORLD SYMPATHY FOR FRANCE: ROYAL MOURNERS ; RITES IN NOTRE DAME.



ROYAL FIGURES IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS AT PRESIDENT DOUMER'S FUNERAL: (L. TO R. IN FRONT GROUP) THE DUKE OF AOSTA, THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, AND THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM (WEARING CIVILIAN BLACK).



A "BROTHER-IN-ARMS" WITH FRANCE DURING THE WAR: THE KING OF THE BELGIANS WALKING ALONE IN THE PROCESSION, IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE RELATIVES.



THE REQUIEM MASS FOR THE MURDERED PRESIDENT IN NOTRE DAME—A MOVING CEREMONY, ACCOMPANIED BY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC AND SINGING, WHICH WAS BROADCAST ALL OVER THE WORLD: A VIEW INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL DURING THE SERVICE, SHOWING THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN UPON THE CATAFALQUE, AND (TO THE LEFT) THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, WHO PRONOUNCED ABSOLUTION.

The national funeral of President Doumer in Paris, on May 12, began with a procession from the Elysée to Notre Dame. Immediately behind the hearse (as illustrated on our preceding page) walked three nursing sisters who had attended him at the hospital. Then followed male members of his family (his widow and daughters drove direct to the Cathedral by car) and personal friends, with the new President of the Republic, M. Albert Lebrun. A few yards behind them, walking alone, came the King of the Belgians, in general's uniform. Next walked four other royal mourners—the Prince of Wales (in the grey topcoat and high

bearskin of the Welsh Guards), the Duke of Aosta (in a grey service uniform), Prince Paul of Yugoslavia (in a Hussar uniform of scarlet and purple), and the Emperor of Annam, who wore civilian black. Among the foreign delegates following were General Marinetti (representing the King of Italy), the Spanish and Japanese Ambassadors, and Herr von Hoesch, representing President von Hindenburg. Then came French Ministers, officials, and military leaders. Arrived at Notre Dame, the coffin was carried into the Cathedral and placed on a catafalque in the transept, near which were seated Mme. Doumer and President Lebrun. The

(Continued opposite.)

TRIBUTES TO PRESIDENT DOUMER: THE FUNERAL ORATION; THE GRAVE.



A VALEDICTION FROM THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TO HIS MURDERED PREDECESSOR: M. ALBERT LEBRUN (LEFT FOREGROUND) BOWS BEFORE THE COFFIN ON THE CATAFALQUE AT THE PANTHÉON—A VIEW SHOWING THE PILLARS OF INCENSE BURNING BEFORE IT, AND (TO THE LEFT) A GROUP OF BLACK-ROBED WOMEN, AMONG WHOM WERE THE WIDOW AND TWO DAUGHTERS OF PRESIDENT DOUMER.



"BEHIND THE CHIEF OF STATE . . . WE SALUTE THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY": M. TARDIEU (AT A MICROPHONE) DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION BROADCAST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Continued.
music at the Requiem Mass included a solo, "O Vulnera," sung by M. Narçon, of the Opéra. The service ended with the Absolution pronounced by Mgr. Verdier, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who sprinkled the coffin with holy water. The procession then reassembled and proceeded to the Panthéon, where the coffin was again placed on a catafalque, between pillars of the colonnade. Near it sat Mme. Doumer, with her family, and beside them President Lebrun, who bowed before the coffin. M. Tardieu then delivered a moving funeral oration on the dead President's career and character. "The war (he said) tried him cruelly,



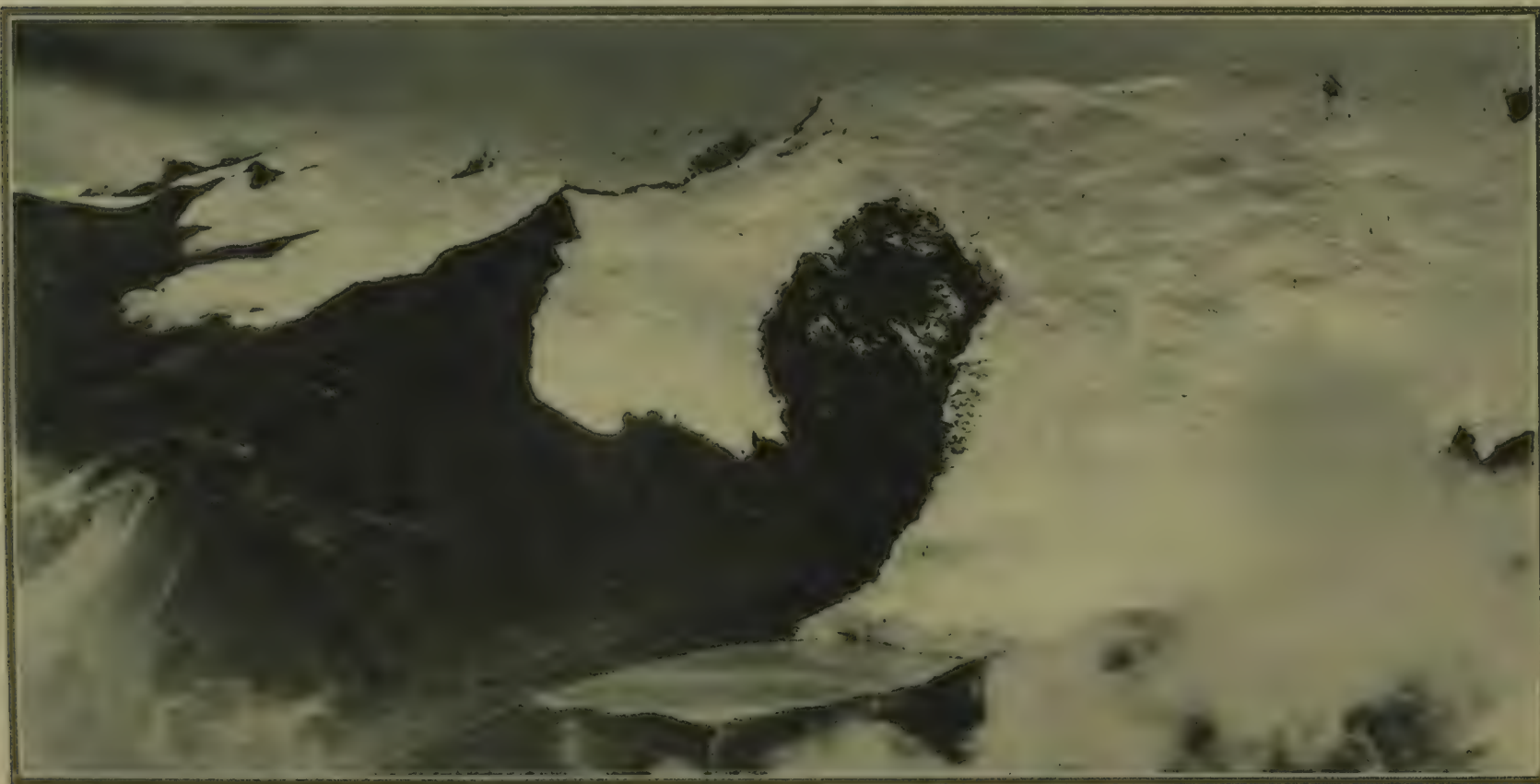
THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE MURDERED PRESIDENT, BESIDE HIS SOLDIER SONS WHO HAD FALLEN IN THE WAR: THE FLOWER-DECKED GRAVE IN VAUGIRARD CEMETERY, WITH A TOMBSTONE INSCRIBED AT ITS HEAD "FAMILLE DOUMER."

and he saw four sons fall one by one, down to the eve of the Armistice. 'Death,' he had said, 'is nothing if it serves a useful purpose.'" M. Tardieu spoke into a microphone, and his words, like the service in Notre Dame, were broadcast all over the world. The ceremony ended with a march-past of the Paris garrison. At noon the gates of the Panthéon were closed, and the coffin remained for a time beneath the dome, watched over by the widow and relatives. Two hours later it was taken in strict privacy to the Vaugirard Cemetery and there was buried in the Doumer family grave.

WINGS OVER PERU: AIR-PHOTOGRAPHED CRATERS; AND A GLACIAL LAKE.



FIVE "TORCHES" THAT NO LONGER BURN: EXTINGUISHED CRATERS IN THE VALLEY OF THE VOLCANOES, IN THE MARITIME CORDILLERA OF THE PERUVIAN ANDES—A REMARKABLY FINE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, OF A REGION WHERE MORE THAN FORTY SUCH CRATERS WERE SEEN IN AS MANY MILES.



A NATURAL WONDER OF PERU NEVER SEEN BY PERUVIANS, BUT REVEALED BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: A HITHERTO UNKNOWN GLACIAL LAKE, THREE MILES ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, IN THE HUANCAYO SECTION OF THE MARITIME CORDILLERA—AN AWE-INSPIRING SCENE AMONG THE FROZEN SUMMITS OF A MIGHTY RANGE.

As promised in our last issue, where we gave some remarkable air photographs of unexplored Peru, taken by the Shippee-Johnson Peruvian Expedition, we now reproduce four further examples, even more wonderful, illustrating the aspect of volcanic craters as seen from an aeroplane, together with a hitherto unknown glacial lake hidden among the high summits of the Maritime Cordillera.

Regarding the great crater of El Misti (shown in the lower photograph on the right) and other volcanoes, we read in Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill's fascinating book, "Under Peruvian Skies": "Almost overshadowing the town (Arequipa), the magnificent, symmetrical cone of Misti soars skyward for nearly 20,000 ft. . . . Misti is the most beautiful, the most impressive, and the most noteworthy, for

[Continued opposite.

THE FIRE-GOD'S HAUNTS FROM THE AIR: PERU'S SACRED MOUNTAIN.



A SLEEPING GIANT OF THE PERUVIAN ANDES VISITED BY A BUZZING HUMAN "FLY": AN AIRMAN'S CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE CRATER OF UBINAS, ONE OF HUNDREDS OF EXTINCT VOLCANOES PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR—SHOWING A WISP OF SMOKE RISING NEAR THE RIGHT RIM OF THE CRATER.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SKY INTO WHAT WAS ONCE A ROARING INFERNO: A WONDERFUL OVERHEAD AIR VIEW OF THE GREAT CRATER OF EL MISTI, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF PERU, WITHIN WHICH INCA PRIESTS BUILT A TEMPLE TO THE FIRE-GOD AND THEIR SPANISH CONQUERORS SET UP A CROSS.

Continued.
it is Peru's sacred mountain, and, ages before the first Spaniard set foot upon American soil, the aborigines made obeisance to its god of fire and earthquake, and to propitiate the mountain's deity erected a temple within its crater. One can scarcely blame them for worshipping the mountain or its spirit, as in past times it has vented its wrath on more than one occasion and has spread death

and destruction. For that matter, the Dons followed the Incans' lead, and their friars erected a cross in Misti's maw. . . . With prayers, chants, and swinging censers, the priests gravely exorcised the demons of the volcano, besought their Christian God to prevent the mountain from erupting, and set up their iron cross. . . . At any rate, Misti has remained quiescent for many centuries."

AINLEYS AND ROBEYS OF JAPAN:

NATORI PRINTS OF DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS
OF THE ACTOR-CLANS.



**JITSUKAWA
ENJAKU.**

A star of the Japanese stage who takes a tragic part in a drama of the rice-fields in summer. Besides this, he also plays other manly rôles. He is one of the best actors appearing in Osaka.



MORITA KANYA.

Morita Kanya, the thirteenth of that name, is seen here in the picturesque costume and flowery headdress of an abstract character in a traditional play of the Ichikawa, one of the leading clans of hereditary actors in Japan.

**BANDO
MITSUGORO.**

One of the best dancers on the Tokyo stage, excelling, particularly, in comic rôles. Though not a great success as an actor, his stage appearance being somewhat against him, directly he begins to dance he holds his audience as many an actor could not do.



ICHIKAWA SANSHO.

Sansho (seen here as a medicine-vendor in one of the eighteen pieces of the Ichikawa family) represents the Ichikawa family at the present time. He is a son-in-law of the late Ichikawa Danjuro, the ninth. Strangely enough, Sansho was born in the family of a banker.



ICHIKAWA UZAEMON.

An actor who plays many parts—now appearing as the full-blooded villain in a melodrama; now talking the dialect of the lower classes; and at another time being a feudal lord or the chief figure in a dance-drama.



BANDO SHUCHO.

An *onnagata*, or woman-character specialist, of the Tokyo stage; seen here as the Lady Shidzuka, a dancing rôle in a fantastic ballad-dance. Shidzuka travels the mountain-side in cherry time, dancing and beating time on the hourglass-shaped drum of the No stage.



**KATAOKA
UZAEMON.**

A veteran actor who is descended from a long line of Osaka actors, but confines his activities to Tokyo. Natori has represented him here in a heroic rôle—one of the characters connected with the play "Chusingura," or, "The Forty-Seven Ronin."



NAKAMURA SHIKAN.

One of the leading young actors of the Tokyo stage. Specialises in female rôles. Here Natori has pictured him as a fighting woman wearing a suit of armour of many colours, in a heroic play of old Japan.

**ICHIKAWA
SUMIZO.**

In this print, Ichikawa Sumizo is seen as the hero of a romance which has a lady of the gay quarters as its heroine. It ends unhappily, with him committing suicide to end his troubles, and with her taking her life over his grave.



ON this page and opposite, we present to our readers reproductions of a series of remarkably fine Japanese actor-portraits by the leading colour-print artist, Shunsen Natori. Miss Zoë Kincaid, whose extremely interesting article describing the Actor-Clans of Japan will be found on page 846 of this issue, writes: "Shunsen Natori has chosen the theatre for his grand subject, and yearly shows a large number of actor-portraits. So well done are these that but a single glance is needed to recognise the actor and his rôle." Interest of an unusual kind is lent to these actor-prints by

(Continued opposite.)

Continued.] the announcement that, at the instigation of the Japanese Government, a company of Kabuki actors is to play in London, Paris, and New York at the beginning of next year. These actors will bring their own scenery and orchestra. It is stated that when they are in England they will give performances of the "Forty-Seven Ronin," one of the most famous Kabuki dramas. We illustrated a scene from this work in our issue of December 26 last. In this case the version was that given by the Japanese puppet theatre; but an actor in a part from this play is illustrated here.

THE ART OF "MAKE-UP" IN JAPAN: NATORI PRINTS OF THE GRIM, THE GROTESQUE, AND THE GRUESOME.



ICHIKAWA
CHUSHA;
IN THE
CHARACTER
OF A
GRIM OLD
WARRIOR.

He is a veteran of the Tokyo stage, and is seen here in a historical character—that of a grim old warrior. His costume consists of armour of many hues, over which has been placed the straw coat of the farmer to protect it from the rain. Further, he is shown holding over his head a wide straw hat of the sort worn in the country when travelling.

OUR readers cannot fail to be struck by the grotesque make-ups that Shunsen Natori has portrayed in the theatrical colour-prints reproduced here. The Japanese actor is, in fact, an expert in make-up. When he paints his face white, with touches of red round the eyes and mouth, he is a samurai. Or should he be playing a blustering villain, he will make his face an angry red, his nose pink, and have black

[Continued below on right.



MATSUMOTO KOSHIRO: A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR IN A GROTESQUE RÔLE.

He is seen here as one of three brothers, triplets, distinguished by their loyalty to their master. He has a huge wig, a large patterned costume, and heavy red lines of make-up on his face. He is said to be one of the finest creative dancers of the country; while as an actor he excels both in realistic plays and in imaginative dance-ballad drama.



ICHIKAWA
SADANJI
IN AN
EXAGGERATED
WIG, MAKE-UP,
AND COSTUME.

He is seen here in one of the grotesque rôles of a hereditary play of the Ichikawa family. Exaggerated wigs, make-up, and costume characterise the pieces of this actor-family. These pieces were originally improvisations of the actors, and depend largely on pantomime, posture, and movement, and highly imaginative costuming, rather than on a well-defined plot.



[Continued.]

and bristling eyebrows. Among the chief actors of the Tokyo Stage, Matsumoto Koshiro (who is seen in the second illustration on this page) is acknowledged the most versatile when it comes to making-up. He is able to convert his face quickly from that of a youthful character to venerable old age; sprawl red lines round his nose and eyes to give himself a grotesque appearance; or in a moment become some historical personage, or a policeman, a nobleman, or a shopkeeper in a modern play.

NAKAMURA KICHIYEMON: AS A CHARACTER OF GREAT LOYALTY.

This actor specialises in plays that have loyalty for their theme, and here Natori has represented him as a historical character who was faithful to a cause, and patiently endured even the indignity of a blow on the forehead, which has inflicted a cut. This actor's inspiration is said to be in the technique of the marionette-stage, where pantomime has been developed to a high degree.

THE HEREDITARY ACTORS OF JAPAN.

"THE HARDEST-WORKED PROFESSIONALS IN THE WORLD": PLAYERS WHOSE PROGRAMMES MAY LAST FOR SIX OR SEVEN HOURS!

By ZOË KINCAID. (See Pages 844 and 845.)

THE recognised actors of Tokyo form a large family, or guild, and govern their own affairs. Within this guild the important clans who have reigned upon the Tokyo stage for centuries have the largest influence. They are born to the purple, so to speak, and their profession



A FINE THEATRICAL PRINT BY SHUNSEN NATORI: A JAPANESE BEAUTY AND HER LOVER.

Ichikawa Shōchō is seen here as a belle of the gay quarters, wearing the characteristic tortoise-shell hair-pins. Kataoka Gado is seen as her lover. The piece is a realistic romance of long ago.

is something bequeathed to them by illustrious ancestors. To serve under them is a coveted honour. Associated with the popular actors are minor players, whose services are required for processions, fighting scenes, fencing bouts, as maids in feudal mansions, or as retainers for feudal chiefs. They are like the "mutes" of the Greek stage, rather than the supers of the Western theatre, because, although they are seldom called upon to speak a line, they are by no means amateurs, but highly trained in their respective specialities.

The Nakamura clan (of which several members will be found illustrated in theatrical prints reproduced on pages 844 and 845) practically dominates the Japanese theatre at present—if its many collateral branches are taken into account. Nakamura Utaemon of Tokyo and Nakamura Ganjiro of Osaka are two veterans who have impressed themselves upon the rising generation of actors. Utaemon specialises in the representation of elegant women. Ganjiro, on the other hand, as the leading actor of the Osaka stage, is at his best as a romantic youth, playing lovers' rôles in his old age with surprising freshness. Among the other actor-clans is that of Sawamura, with Sojuro, the seventh of the line, as its present head. His three sons are all actors of experience, and have earned their popularity by hard work. His father-in-law, brothers-in-law, and even his nephews, are also in active service, the members of this one family forming a goodly company in themselves. There is also the Onoe clan, headed by Onoe Kikugoro the sixth, one of Japan's premier dancing-actors, and Onoe Baiko, the leading interpreter of heroic women. Baiko's two sons died young, leaving him with a grandson to carry on the traditions of the family. A realistic actor is Ichikawa Sadanji, who belongs to the Ichikawa clan, not by blood relationship, but as the son of a pupil of the ninth and last Ichikawa Danjuro, a name to be reckoned with in the history of the Tokyo stage. Sadanji was the first actor of standing to go abroad, having been invited to perform with his company in Moscow, and he has been decorated by the French Government. No Kabuki actor of any rank, however, has yet been seen in Europe or America. A portrait of Ichikawa Sadanji will be found in a theatrical print reproduced on page 845.

The actor-clans who form the guilds of Tokyo and Osaka—Nakamura, Kataoka, Matsumoto, Ichikawa, Onoe, Sawamura, Bando, and Ichimura—are all large families in themselves. The legitimate descendants come first, and under them are the actors trained by the clan-heads from childhood, while whole retinues of dependents who act as retainers are associated with the clans. Not only does the popular actor take particular care in the

development of his own son, but he has under his protection a number of youths who are his disciples, or followers. He is their guide, and they look to him for opportunity to appear in the performances. When the young actor has climbed up several rungs of the ladder of fame, his actor-patron provides a ceremony in which he is introduced to the audience, and the aspirant for stage honours announces that he will do his best to please the public. For a son of a prominent actor the ceremony is impressive, carried out with elaborate and costly detail. A minor player must be content with a brief, informal introduction, that is cleverly interpolated between the dialogue of a play, and is but a slight interruption to the progress of the piece.

When an actor-father introduces his own son, he takes as much trouble as would a society mother of the West over a débutante daughter. To the son who is to inherit his mantle, he gives unstintingly all the secrets of the profession inherited from his ancestors, as well as his experience of a lifetime. Under such a family system as this, the training of the actors is complete, and nothing is left to chance. The sons of actors are escorted upon the stage by attendants as soon as they are old enough to speak their lines. They grow up in the atmosphere of the theatre, their training being Montessori-like in youth, and they are left free to observe and adapt themselves. Later they are severely disciplined, in order to satisfy the high standard demanded by audiences that have themselves been long trained to appreciate good acting.

To those within this charmed circle, the traditional system is an advantage. No better way could be found to fit them for a most versatile stage life. But to those without the system is not kind. To attempt to enter the profession at a mature age, as is possible in the Western theatre, is not consistent with the training of Kabuki actors. Talent needs both training and experience in order to blossom. From time to time there are movements of revolt against this system by groups of independent actors who would shine upon the stage. But in the long run the tradition wins, for the actor with the best training is capable not only of performing in the time-honoured plays, but brings to the new plays a resourcefulness impossible to those not bred in the theatre.

In addition to a large number of lesser actors with which a Kabuki star is surrounded, there are the dependents, all with given tasks, whose collaboration contributes to the actor's success. In the dressing-room the actor is waited upon hand and foot. The head-dresser, a reliable retainer, is able to keep his head while being responsible for a dozen complicated costumes. Servants bring these garments at the exact moment they are needed; others have been busy in the repair or alteration of the costumes. Still other servants are charged with the small properties required for the characters assumed. These may consist of long or

short swords, umbrellas, straw or lacquered hats, fans, sandals, pipes, lacquered boxes, purses, tobacco-pouches, and many other personal belongings.

Undisturbed, the actor sits cross-legged on a gay silk cushion, while his retainers come and go on their appointed tasks. His whole attention is concentrated on making-up before a lacquered dressing-table, where are spread out his brushes large and small, paints and powders. Equally important to the actor is the attendant entrusted with the different wigs. When the actor has finished his make-up and several dressers have helped him into his costume, the



A NATORI THEATRICAL PRINT OF NAKAMURA GANJIRO: THE LEADING ACTOR OF THE OSAKA STAGE IN THE PART OF TOJURO, IN THE "LOVE OF TOJURO."

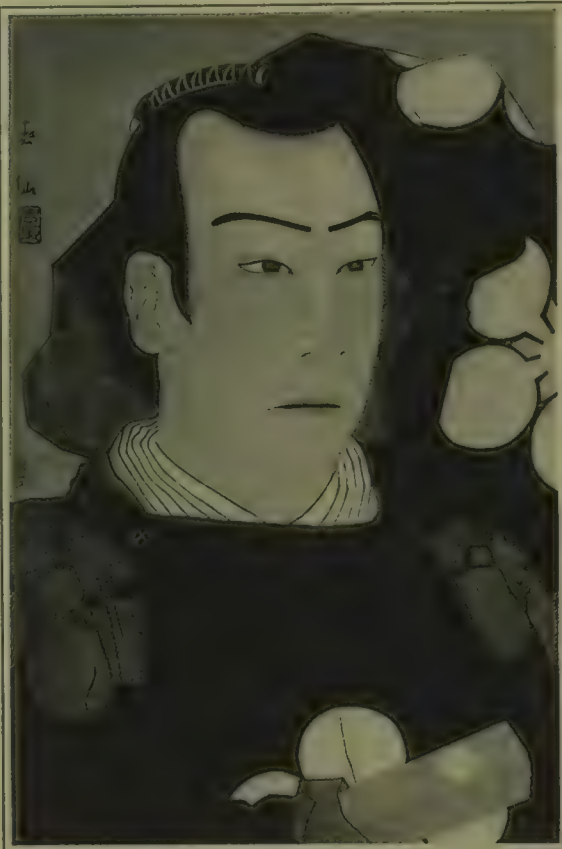
This leading actor of the Osaka stage is seen here in the part of a romantic Kyoto actor who lived some two centuries ago. Natōri has represented Ganjiro in a play called "Love of Tojuro," by a modern Tokyo playwright, Kikuchi Kan.

last thing to be done before he takes his leave for the stage is the placing of the wig on his head. The attendant who specialises in wigs must see that this is properly adjusted, and combed out to smoothness. Gradually the actor fades out of sight, and when the wig is in position the transformation is complete.

One of the assistants offers the actor a cup of green tea. His sandals are placed ready. His properties are carried for him. Thus he is escorted to the wings to take his cue, his bodyguard waiting upon him until the last moment; and when he has made his exit they are ready at hand to serve him. It often happens that, when dressing for a grotesque character in some heroic rôle, as many as six or eight attendants are necessary to costume the actor. The garments are padded to give the actor exaggerated dimensions, as was the case on the ancient Greek stage, and a stuffed, rolled belt many yards long may be wound about the actor's waist and tied up in loops behind. In this operation the entire staff of attendants co-operate in pulling and hauling the belt into place.

But the most important functionary in the actor's world is his *banto*, or personal representative. This worthy performs many kinds of duties; he is go-between in the relations of his master with the mundane world. He looks after the actor's social obligations, manages his business affairs, arranges interviews, and assists in carrying out all the ceremonies and anniversaries so intimately associated with the actor's life in Japan, which must be strictly observed.

Prodigality in players and extravagance in production characterise the Japanese theatre. Tokyo audiences are accustomed to six or seven hours of a programme at a stretch, and the Kabuki actors are the hardest-worked professionals in the world, appearing in six or more plays during one day's performance, a varied fare to suit the most capricious of audiences. With economic pressure this abundance may be curtailed. Changes are in the air. There is evident in Japan, as elsewhere in the world, a struggle between the long-established theatre, with its patriarchal system, and the rapid production of cinematograph plays that provide cheap amusement for the masses—a struggle the outcome of which it is not safe for us to predict at the present moment.



A NATORI THEATRICAL PRINT OF OTANI TOMOYEMON: THE ACTOR IN THE PART OF MICHIZANE, AN IMPERIAL MINISTER WHO LIVED A THOUSAND YEARS AGO AND WAS EXILED OWING TO THE MACHINATIONS OF A RIVAL.

Otani Tomoyemon is seen here in one of the popular historical plays, as Michizane, the Imperial Minister. Michizane is a national hero and is worshipped in shrines all over the country at the present time.

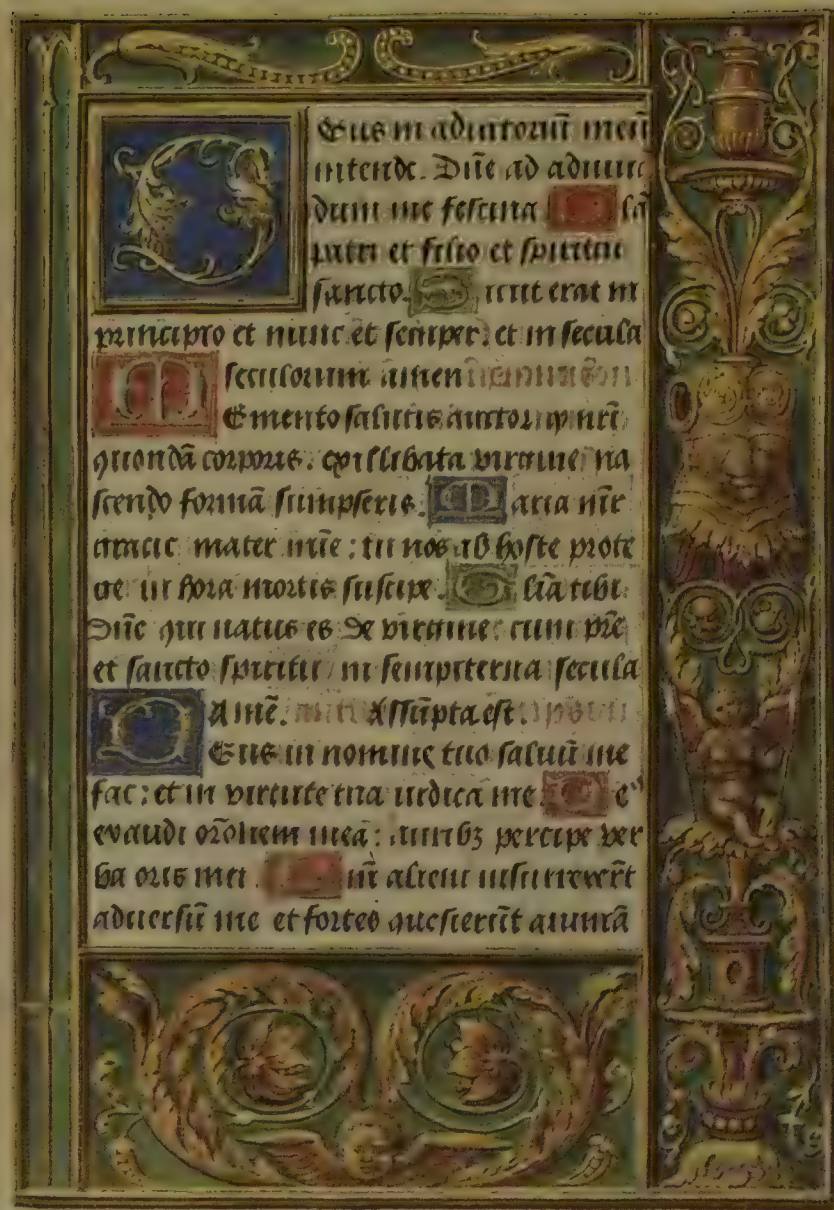


"THE PROUD ONE SWAYING HOME."

The golden age of sail has now almost passed away, dissipated by the rivalry of steam and, more recently, of petrol. Seldom is it given to us nowadays to see the beauty of ships under canvas, as described in Masfield's lines: "Those proud ones swaying home, With mainyards backed and bows a cream of foam." A last remnant of the old splendours of sail, however, survives in the periodical races between grain-ships from Australia, on the

lines of the old-time clipper contests. This season's race, now in progress, is the largest since the "boom" years after the war, for the number of ships participating. One, the Finnish barque "Hougomont," was recently sighted drifting dismasted, and a tug sent out from Adelaide failed to find her, but later she reached anchorage in safety. Mr. Patterson's fine picture of a typical sailing-ship is reproduced by courtesy of the American journal "Country Life."

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," BY CHARLES A. PATTERSON, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. TRUMAN NEWBERRY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



1. THE HOLFORD "HOURS": ONE OF THE FINEST "HORÆ" OF THE GHENT-BRUGES SCHOOL (CIRCA 1500), DECORATED IN THE STYLE OF THE GRIMANI BRIEVIARY AT VENICE, WITH EXQUISITELY FINISHED MINIATURES REMARKABLE FOR PERFECTION OF FIGURE DRAWING—(LEFT) "THE HOLY FAMILY," WITH BORDERS OF RENAISSANCE ORNAMENT, CLASSICAL FIGURES, AND ARMOUR; (RIGHT) A PAGE OF TEXT. (FROM THE HOLFORD COLLECTION—ACTUAL SIZE.)



Requiem eternam.
 Requiem mei deus secundum
 magnam misericordiam
 tuam. Et secundum
 multitudinem miserationum

onum tuorum de iniquitatem meam.
 Amplius laus me duc ab iniquitate
 mea et a reatu meo mundi mei.
 Iniquitatem meam ego cognosce et reatu
 meum contra me est semper.
 soli peccavi et malum cor meum seculum
 iustificare in seminibus tuis: Dominum
 autem iudicare.
 Quia enim in iniquita-
 tibus conceptus sum et in peccatis concepit
 me mater mea.
 Quia enim veritatem
 dilexisti iniqua et oculis sapientie tue
 manifestasti michi.
 Propter me
 domine respo et mundabor laus mea
 super nunciam doli mei.
 Auditu meo
 dabis gaudium: letitiam et exultabunt
 ossa humiliata.
 Quia quare faciem tuam
 a peccatis meis et omnes iniquitates
 meas dele.
 Cor mundum crea in me
 deus et spiritum rectum innoua in visceribus
 meis.
 Ne propterea ne a facie tua
 spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas.

2. PAGES FROM
 A SUPERB FRENCH
 "BOOK OF HOURS,"
 ORIGINALLY
 EXECUTED FOR
 ADMIRAL PIERRE
 DE COETIVY
 (1400-1450), WHO
 MARRIED A
 DAUGHTER OF GILLES
 DE RAIZ (THE
 "BLUEBEARD" OF
 FICTION), AND WAS
 KILLED BY AN
 ENGLISH CANNON-
 BALL AT THE SIEGE
 OF CHERBOURG:
 (LEFT) ONE OF THE
 148 BEAUTIFUL
 MINIATURES—A
 FUNERAL PROCESSION
 IN MEDIEVAL PARIS,
 WITH THE TOWERS
 OF NOTRE DAME IN
 THE BACKGROUND;
 (RIGHT) A PAGE OF
 TEXT. (FORMERLY IN
 THE YATES THOMPSON
 COLLECTION—
 ACTUAL SIZE.)

A Manuscript Made for a Son-in-Law of "Bluebeard", AND OTHER MEDIAEVAL TREASURES IN THE CHESTER BEATTY SALE.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO



3. A SPLENDID THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT ONCE OWNED BY RUSKIN, WHO MADE ENGRAVINGS FROM IT: THE "ANTIPHONER" OF THE ABBEY OF BEAUPRÉ, NEAR GRAMMONT (FLEMISH, 1290): AN INITIAL "A" CONTAINING TWO SCENES OF THE RESURRECTION; AND (ON THE LEFT) A PORTRAIT OF THE DONOR, MARIE DE VIANE. (FROM THE YATES THOMPSON COLLECTION—SIZE, 19 IN. BY 13½ IN., HERE REDUCED.)

Rich treasures of mediæval art are described and illustrated in a "Catalogue of the Renowned Collection of Western Manuscripts, the property of A. Chester Beatty, Esq. The First Portion," to be sold at Sotheby's on June 7. A striking feature of the collection is the number of MSS. of great interest acquired from private sources, such as those here reproduced, and known only to a small circle. "It is proposed to disperse the collection (we read) by annual sales extending over four or five years, each of which will contain a selection so far as possible representative of the whole." With particular reference to our reproductions, we quote the following notes from the catalogue: (1) "The MS. contains an unusual feature in a large and finely painted bust portrait of the owner, in the style of Holbein . . . but the identity of the individual has remained up to the present concealed. . . . This superb MS. (is) one of the finest examples of the well-known group of MSS. of the Ghent-Bruges School, of which the best-known is the Grimani Breviary at Venice."—(2) "This exquisite Book of Hours was executed for Prigent de Coëtivy (1400–1450), who was created Admiral of France in 1439 and was killed eleven years later at the siege of Cherbourg. As a book-collector he ranks second only to the Duc de Berri. His arms occur in the

border of many pages, and also his mottoes, *Dame sans Per* ('without equal'), and *Hélas! Belle Merci*. The first of these refers presumably to his wife, Marie de Raiz, daughter of Gilles de Raiz, the traditional 'Bluebeard' of nursery story. On the Admiral's death the MS. passed to his widow, whose receipt for it has survived. . . . The miniature (illustrated) is a street scene with interesting architectural background, the towers of Notre Dame in the distance."—(3) "The first owners of these splendid volumes were the Sisters of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaupré, near Grammont. . . . The original provenance was settled by Mr. Yates Thompson from the beautifully drawn portrait (on the left in the above colour-plate) of a kneeling lady over whose head is written *Domicella de viana*. The discovery of a place called Viane near Grammont in Belgium put their origin beyond a doubt. The Domicella who gave them to the Abbey was Marie de Bornaing, wife of Gerard de Viane. . . . Nothing further is known of the history of this Antiphoner until it came into Ruskin's possession not later than 1854. He engraved (from it) the Baptism in Jordan for his 'Giotto and his Works at Padua,' and details from two borders and the 'Adoration of the Magi' are engraved in the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters.'"



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THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



A CURIOUS USE FOR A RAILWAY ENGINE: AN OLD LOCOMOTIVE HARNESSSED UP TO PROVIDE POWER TO A TASMANIAN SMELTING-WORKS.

The correspondent who sends this very unusual photograph informs us that it was taken at the Mount Lyell copper-mines at Queenstown, Tasmania. He adds that the hill in the background is a four-acre slag-dump—waste out of the copper from the smelting-room. "The slag is carried up the hill in pipes and forced up by water pressure. The white posts are the tops of butts to stop the slag from falling down the hill. No use can be found for this waste. It has been tried for road-making, but it soaks up the water and washes away easily during heavy rains."



AN OFFICIAL TWO-MAN-POWER WIRELESS STATION: AFRICAN PEDALLERS ON THE "BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO" THAT GENERATES ELECTRIC CURRENT.

A correspondent informs us that this two-man-power wireless generator has been constructed by the Marconi Company for use in Northern Rhodesia. "This type of apparatus has been supplied to link up with each other the many isolated administrative posts in the territory. The power is derived entirely from a tandem pedal-driven rotary converter capable of generating 140 watts. By its aid short-wave communication has been maintained satisfactorily over a distance of 500 miles."



LIKE CAKES IN A CONFECTIONER'S SHOP: SAMPLES OF ROADS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FILED ON SHELVES.

This "modern industrial pantry shelf," as the American caption calls it, holds samples of various kinds of roads that look like cakes with "different assortments of nuts and icings in them. Non-skid roads, cheap roads to take the farmer out of the mud, classy city pavements, and super highway surfaces are stored here for reference, testing and file purposes."



A VEGETABLE OCTOPUS: THE GIGANTIC FIG-TREE OF THE NÉAK PÉAN, ONE OF THE TEMPLES OF ANGKOR, STRANGLING A SMALL SANCTUARY WITH ITS ROOTS.

It should not be supposed that the Cambodian ruins of Angkor are confined to the great Angkor Vat, the magnificent temple most often pictured and described. In the immediate neighbourhood may be traced the remains of hundreds of buildings, none in such fine repair as the Vat, and nearly all invaded by the luxuriant jungle. The Néak Péan is one of the smaller shrines, seen here in the grip of a fig-tree several hundred years old.



DIENSTRAUM FÜR ORTSPOLIZEI! AN EIGHT-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD OAK TREE SERVING AS A POLICE STATION IN GERMANY.

This curious picture comes from Gifhorn, in the Heath of Lüneburg, and affords a contrast to the photograph of the Néak Péan fig-tree on this page. In Germany man has adapted Nature to his purpose; in Cambodia the forces of Nature are the stronger and have man's handiwork in a strangle-hold.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LEAVES FROM LIFE." By DR. E. J. DILLON.*

(PUBLISHED BY J. M. DENT AND SONS, LTD.)

THE author of this little book has had an unusually varied career, and can probably speak with as much authority on pre-Revolution Russia as any Briton living. He was born in Ireland, but early became a cosmopolitan, graduating in the universities of Louvain and Petrograd. He was for some years a Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Kharkoff, edited a Russian newspaper, and acted as private adviser to Count Witte for eleven years. Journalism took him to many parts of the world for many different occasions—Armenia, Spain, the Balkans, Crete, and China he knew with equal intimacy as a special correspondent, and in the same capacity he saw the inside of the Dreyfus affair. Apart from his books, of which "Russia To-day and Yesterday" is the most recent, he is best known to the public of this country as the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, which he represented from 1886-1914 not only in Russia, but in Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, and Paris.

Such a citizen of the world, trained to observation, and alert to detect the oddities and contrarieties of life, may well be taught by his experiences that "fiction lags after truth." He has here collected, from the occasional writings of many years, "not the fruits of imagination, but straightforward narratives of episodes that came under my observation" in many corners of the earth. The settings are exotic, but the ingredients are the eternal stuff of the human comedy, which is more the same thing the more it changes.

But in any book by Dr. Dillon, it is natural that we should turn first—even before we entertain ourselves with his one-act dramas of real life—to his recollections of a whole order of society which has for ever vanished. A poetic friend of Dr. Dillon's in Russia one day exclaimed: "Ah, what a heaven this would become, could we but spin the golden threads of life and cast the others to the winds!" The social life of Petersburg salons of Tsarist days, with its garish brilliance and its "studied spontaneity," seems to have been a dexterous and spirited feat in casting away all but the golden threads. Occasionally, amid all the sophistication, the East, always hovering in the background, steps boldly forth to join hands with the West. "Sometimes, but very seldom, at a ball a Caucasian dance known as the 'lezghinka' is executed on the light fantastic toe, to the wild, semi-barbaric strains of the Orient, or to the more melodious adaptation that emanated from Anton Rubinstein. It is a curious and characteristic performance: the ladies with white handkerchiefs in their hands, half-covering their faces, and gliding smoothly the while over the shining parquet floor like shadows of swiftly drifting cloud figures over the glassy surface of a lake, and the men pursuing them, while the onlookers in a circle mark time by clapping their hands or striking coin-encircled tambourines. The music is quick, wild, soul-stirring, and is probably the same that was played in the days when King Darius first pressed Caucasian tribes into his military service." Something of the same Arabian

Nights magic impregnates the description of old "St. Petersburg at Christmastide"—"a scene from dreamland, an enchanted island of granite, brick and marble, fringed with forests of white feathery firs, and encircled by a sea of rough ice."

But for the most authentic atmosphere of faery land forlorn, we must turn to the gipsies of Transylvania, whose life and customs and mentality Dr. Dillon captures and conveys with infectious sympathy. Some of the observances of this strange, detached race of wanderers upon the face of the earth take us back to the most misty antiquity. "As the shades of evening were falling, a curious box was hastily put together—a cross between a coffin, a cradle, and a feeding-trough. It was then filled up with leaves, twigs and herbs of magic virtue, some of which had been carefully selected and gathered a week or so before. When filled, it was laid down

generally wins, but in one story at least he is neatly outwitted. Here is an admirable situation for a second act: the Great Sleuth of Budapest has discovered the missing will. It lies before him on the table. Enter Princess L. in extreme distress about her missing daughter. She has received a mysterious bandbox, which she has brought for the detective's inspection. When it is opened, it is found to contain a severed female hand. Small wonder that the Princess swoons! The Sleuth has an important engagement elsewhere, and has to leave his partially restored client in his rooms. When he returns, both client and will have disappeared for ever. And so the naughty ballerina, who has produced a will by which she takes the entire property of the deceased banker, quaffs the cup, instead of having it dashed from her lips. Prince and Princess L., whose nobility is, alas! ephemeral, are never heard of again, but

presumably they and the ballerina live happily ever after.

We learn, not for the first time, how retribution may depend on the flimsiest chances: how a murderer may be betrayed by a secret spring of a bracelet which he had overlooked, and how a crafty criminal may cast suspicion upon another by putting a button from that other's waistcoat in a tell-tale place. We learn, too, how the most profound "mysteries" may be created by the most simple devices. The most ingenious of Dr. Dillon's criminals was he who caused the utterly inexplicable disappearance of a packet of bank-notes from a room full of vigilant officials by the brilliant expedient of placing one of the officials' silk hats over the packet! The ruse by which the detective caught this artist in dishonesty was worthy of the occasion—but it is only proper that the reader should discover it for himself.

There are many engaging scallywags in Dr. Dillon's collection, but perhaps the most

entertaining is Paulus, "chief of the cream of Parisian camelots." His was an important, if arduous, profession. "The camelots are men who undertake to shout themselves hoarse, crying *vive* this or *à bas* that, at three or four francs a day, and who take the kicks, cuffs and blows of the police as included in the day's work. When times are dull and heroless, they hawk newspapers, satires, and the literature of semi-obscenity about the boulevards and streets, and look sadly out at elbow. Risings, restorations, royalist, republican, or anarchist demonstrations constitute their brisk season. Then they become the nucleus of every movement for or against the man of the day or institution of the hour—the fungi, as it were, which, when mingled with the inert mass, causes [*sic*] it to ferment and seethe, and sometimes even to explode." Paulus was the *doyen* of them all, and the part which he played in the career of General Boulanger, and indeed all his candid revelations as to "How French Heroes are Made," provide vivacious reading. One cannot but regret that men of such public spirit and such versatile sympathies as Paulus can find no place in English political life.

The sketches are uneven, and a few of them are somewhat lacking in substance; nor does Dr. Dillon excel in narrative gifts. But on the whole they form a sprightly miscellany.

C. K. A.



FROM THE CHESTER BEATTY COLLECTION: DECORATED PAGES FROM THE RUSKIN HOURS (NORTH-EAST FRANCE; EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY), WHICH CAME INTO RUSKIN'S POSSESSION AT SOME UNKNOWN TIME.

In this superb volume (the *Ruskin Hours*), "each of the remarkable nine panels which decorate the Litany (except the first) is divided into five compartments containing a miniature of a saint. The subjects of the first two panels [here reproduced] are as follows: I. (a) Christ in Majesty; (b) Two seraphs; (c) Two angels; (d) Christ seated; a knight kneels facing him; (e) Scourging of Christ. II. (a) A bishop or a prophet; (b) St. Peter; (c) St. Paul; (d) St. Andrew; (e) St. James the Greater, holding a scallop-shell in a Gothic shrine." Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce decorations in colours from manuscripts in the Chester Beatty Collection, and, opposite, a page of four subjects in monochrome.—(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.)

on the damp grass, and every member of the tribe passed by, touched the contents with the tips of his or her fingers, and returned again. The mysterious receptacle was then covered over with tarnished crimson wool and carried about to every person present, after which it was conveyed to the water's edge, where it was set down upon the grass and solemnly spat upon by men, women and children. This, I afterwards found out, is regarded as a sort of Pandora Box, containing all the physical ills and diseases which Fate had appointed for the tribe in the course of the coming year, and which are now effectually charmed away. Should any person passing discover the box, it is his duty and his interest to throw it into the stream; but if by accident or design he opens it, all the maladies it holds will attack and overwhelm him and his during the coming twelve-month." Would that our less ingenuous civilisation had some such simple prophylactic against winter's ills!

Apart from vivid pictures of the Slavonic world of a past generation, Dr. Dillon's sketches deal with authentic episodes and characters which in the realm of fiction would seem fantastic. A good many are concerned with the kind of crime which is usually known as "dramatic," and with real-life detective work in different capitals of Europe. The detective

* "Leaves from Life." By Dr. E. J. Dillon. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

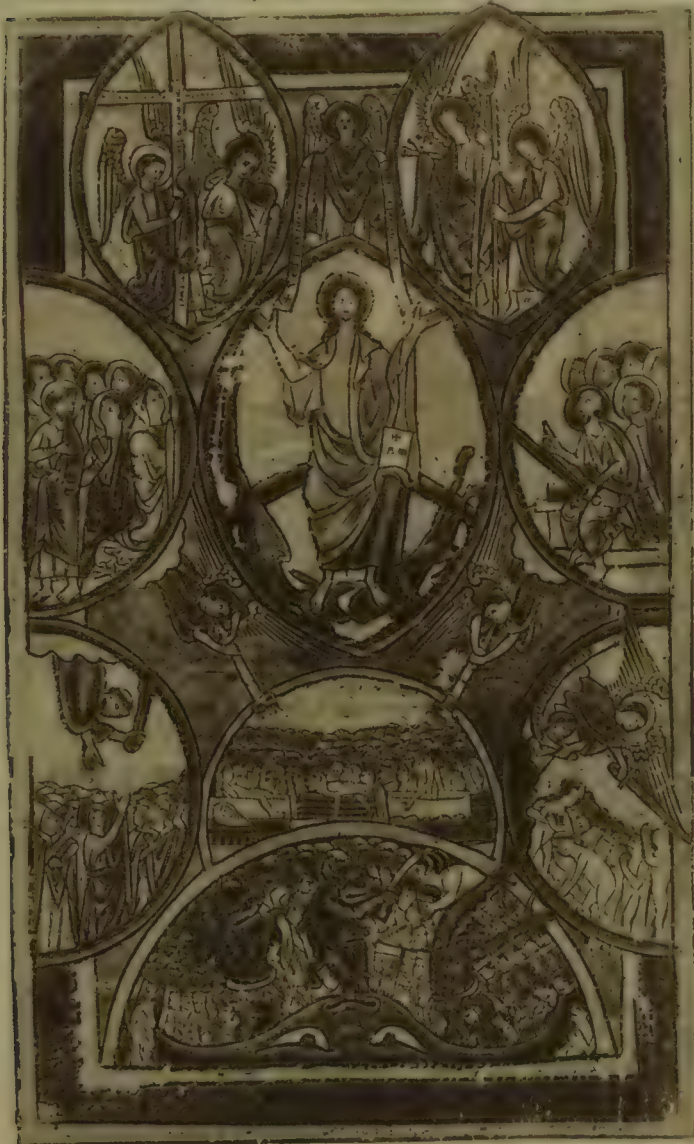
THE CHESTER BEATTY COLLECTION: FAMOUS MANUSCRIPTS FOR SALE.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.



In modu cui debet hanc formam ē que figurā habet sēc crucis.
Nos cui glori oportet in cruce dñi nri ihu xpi.

A LEAF FROM A GERMAN TWELFTH-CENTURY LATIN PSALTER WITH COMMENTARY
OF PETRUS LOMBARDUS: A CURIOUS ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION, TO WHICH
NO PARALLEL IS KNOWN. OF DAVID PLAYING ON A TEN-STRINGED PSALTRY.



AN ILLUMINATED LEAF FROM AN ENGLISH THIRTEENTH-CENTURY
PSALTER: THE LAST JUDGMENT—AN ELABORATE COMPOSITION CONTAIN-
ING THE ARTIST'S NAME AND PORTRAIT IN DRAMATIC SURROUNDINGS.

Michael is grasping a naked tonsured man who represents the artist himself, as we learn from a scroll, 'W. de Brail Me F(e)lit.'—" Each of the Mostyn Gospels is preceded by a magnificent full-page miniature (lower right) of the Evangelist

MONSTROUS FIGURES ON AN EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH MANUSCRIPT
DEALING WITH NATURAL HISTORY: MONOPES, LYING ON HIS BACK; YPIFAGUS,
A HEADLESS MAN; CYCLOPES; AND DOG-FACED CANINUS ON ALL FOURS.



A MINIATURE FROM THE ENGLISH TWELFTH-CENTURY MOSTYN GOSPELS:
A REPRESENTATION OF ST. LUKE, WITH FACE, HANDS, AND FEET
OUTLINED IN RED, FACING THE OPENING PAGE OF HIS GOSPEL.

in a curiously archaic style. They are remarkable from an iconographical point of view, in that each Evangelist is represented as seated on his emblem, and no other instance of this has been discovered."

UNPINIONED WILDFOWL THAT EAT OUT OF THE HAND: LORD GREY'S BEAUTIFUL BIRD GARDEN AT FALLODON.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE LEFT PAGE BY MR. SEYON GORDON. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



A CORNER OF LORD GREY'S BIRD GARDEN AT FALLODON, NORTHUMBERLAND: WATER-FOWL AT THE EDGE OF ONE OF THE PONDS.



HAVING NO FEAR OF MAN, ALTHOUGH UNPINIONED AND LEFT IN THE WILD STATE: DUCK OF VARIOUS KINDS AT FALLODON.



MAN-MADE HOMES FOR THE WATER-FOWL: A CAROLINA DUCK AND DRAKE OUTSIDE THEIR NESTING BARREL.



UNAFRAID OF THE MAN ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY: A CHILEAN PINTAIL FEEDING BY THE POND.



ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE REMARKABLE TAMENESS OF THE BIRDS AT FALLODON: A MOOR-HEN FEEDING A FEW YARDS FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



TYPES OF WILD DUCK AT CLOSE QUARTERS: A PHOTOGRAPH INCLUDING A TUFTED DUCK, A WOOD-DUCK, AND A RED-CRESTED POCHARD.

Lord Grey of Falloodon recently delivered a lecture in Edinburgh to the English-Speaking Union, and in the course of it spoke of the bird life to be seen at Falloodon, where he has the beautiful bird garden which we illustrate here. He was reported as referring to those water-fowl which do not become very wild even when they return to wild life after living among tame birds. Speaking of the moor-hen, he said: "A curious thing is that the young often stay with the parent birds and help to feed the young of the second brood. I have observed a parent bird pick up a piece of food and pass it on to one of the older birds, which in turn passed it to a younger bird, which in turn passed it to the youngest bird. On one occasion there was a breach of these feeding rules by one of the older birds, which put some food immediately into the youngest bird's mouth. The bird that had been passed over, so to speak, immediately



THE BIRD GARDEN AT FALLODON: WITH TWO PAIRS OF CANVAS-BACK DUCKS IN THE FOREGROUND: A VIEW SHOWING THE LARGE POND FRINGED WITH REED-BEDS AND SURROUNDED BY WOODS, OFFERING A PERFECT HOME TO THE MANY VARIETIES OF WILDFOWL WHICH NEST AND LIVE THERE



AN EIDER DRAKE, TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD, FEEDING; WITH A RED-CRESTED POCHARD DRAKE (RIGHT) AND A CHILEAN WIGEON DRAKE (FOREGROUND).



A RING-NECKED TEAL (DUCK) EATING FROM A MAN'S HAND; AND A POCHARD DUCK AWAITING HER TURN.

took the food out of the youngest bird's mouth and then put it back again. An onlooker of this little comedy described it as 'sheer red tape'. . . Ducks are very clever in preventing water from freezing, even in the severest of weather. They band together in one part of the pond with the common aim of keeping the water in motion with their bodies to prevent the pond from being frozen over entirely. When the birds leave the water they are very careful not to let their legs get frozen, and after leaving the water keep sitting down at intervals until their legs are dry." Our photographs show representatives of many of the various species of water-fowl in Lord Grey's garden, and well illustrate their extraordinary tameness. Some of those shown are, of course, familiar British forms, but the natural range of many of the birds is confined to North or South America. The wood-duck and the canvas-back duck, for instance, are natives of North America.

NURAGIC ART SHOWN IN ROME: RELICS OF PREHISTORIC SARDINIA.



THE PRIMITIVE ART OF SARDINIA: A QUAINT FIGURE OF A BULL—A VOTIVE OFFERING DISCOVERED IN A NURAGIC SANCTUARY AT SERRI.



A VOTIVE MOUFFLON (WILD SHEEP): AN OFFERING IN A NURAGIC SANCTUARY AT PREDIO CANOPULO, PERFUGAS, IN SARDINIA.



A VOTIVE BULL FROM THE SAME NURAGIC SANCTUARY AT PERFUGAS: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF PREHISTORIC SARDINIAN ART.



A VOTIVE STATUETTE FOUND IN A NURAGIC SANCTUARY IN SARDINIA: A FIGURE OF AN ARCHER, FROM BALAIANA.



SARDINIAN ART OF THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD: PART OF ANOTHER FIGURE OF AN ARCHER, A FRAGMENT FROM A NURAGIC SANCTUARY AT TETI, ABINI.



A PRIESTESS WITH A DECORATED MANTLE: AN EARLY SARDINIAN STATUETTE FROM THE SACRED WELL OF CANTARU ADDES, BONORUA.



A DEVOTEE BRINGING A GIFT: A STATUETTE FROM THE NURAGIC SANCTUARY AT SERRI, TYPICAL OF PRE-ROMAN ART IN SARDINIA.



A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF SARDINIAN IMITATION OF ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE: A BRONZE STATUETTE OF HERCULES CARRYING A LION-SKIN, FROM THE NURAGIC SANCTUARY OF POSADA—FRONT AND BACK VIEWS, THE LATTER SHOWING FINE DETAIL OF THE LION-SKIN, WITH HEAD, MANE, CLAWS, AND TAIL.



We illustrate on these two pages outstanding examples in a great Exhibition of Ancient Art (including archæology) now being held in Rome, in the National Gallery at Valle Giulia. It was organised by the Italian Ministry of Education and the International Association for Mediterranean Studies, with the active approval of Signor Mussolini. The exhibition is to continue into June. Every museum in Italy possessing objects of special interest has contributed, and the concentration in Rome of all these important art treasures, many never publicly shown before, forms a unique collection. There are about 300 exhibits altogether, selected from paintings, sculptures, and archæological finds added to Italian public

galleries during the past decade. The archæological section comprises objects found in prehistoric, Etruscan, Roman, and Early Christian places of worship or burial. They are grouped in chronological order, affording a comprehensive view of excavations conducted throughout Italy with intensified vigour since 1922. More especially notable are the discoveries in Sardinia, represented on our left-hand page. A note on these says: "The Nuragic sanctuaries of the early Sardinians, particularly those near the sacred wells, such as Abini, Serri, and Perfugas, remained in use throughout the Bronze and Iron Ages, until the Roman conquest. Dwellings rose in their neighbourhood, and all that can be learnt about the life and customs

[Continued opposite.]

A RICH DECADE OF ITALIAN DISCOVERIES: TREASURES IN THE ROME EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT ART.



A HELLENISTIC STATUETTE OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C., WITH CURIOUS CONICAL HEAD-DRESS: A TREASURE FROM TARANTO (TARENTUM).



APHRODITE REMOVING ONE OF HER SANDALS: A REMARKABLE NUDE OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C., ALSO FOUND AT TARANTO.



FEMININE HAT FASHIONS OF THE SAME PERIOD: ANOTHER INTERESTING STATUETTE DISCOVERED DURING THE EXCAVATIONS NEAR TARANTO.



FINE SPECIMENS OF HELLENISTIC-ROMAN POTTERY, PAINTED YELLOW, FROM CENTURIFE, NEAR ENNA, SICILY: (LEFT) A CONICAL-LIDDED VASE; (RIGHT) A TWO-HANDLED VASE DECORATED WITH A WINGED HEAD AND GRAPE DESIGN.



A WARRIOR RECLINING ON A COUCH: AN INTERESTING SCULPTURE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C., DISCOVERED NEAR TARANTO.



A PORTRAIT HEAD DATING FROM THE END OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC PERIOD: A FINE EXAMPLE OF SCULPTURE FROM MINTURNO.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN A GIFT FROM NERO: AN AGATE CUP, FOUND IN THE TOMB OF ACTE, AT OLBIA.



A ROMAN MATRON: A PORTRAIT HEAD OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE FIRST CENTURY A.D., DISCOVERED AT LEPTIS MAGNA.

Continued.

of the first inhabitants of Sardinia must be reconstructed from the study of votive statuettes found in the sanctuaries and various implements unearthed in their vicinity. These sanctuaries are still being systematically explored, the finds at Abini being due to the researches of Professor Antonio Taramelli." A further note adds: "The objects from Minturno add special interest to the Campanian section, as the first results of work now being conducted by the University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia) Museum, through Dr. Jotham Johnson, under the supervision of Dr. Amedeo Marluri, Italian Director of Excavations in Latium and

Campania. The Museum has generously lent the spectacular collection of gold and silver objects found at Ur during researches conducted there jointly with the British Museum. The loans also include the Maikop treasure from Scythia, and remarkable groups of bronze, gold, and silver ornaments from Beisan, Palestine, and Luristan, Persia." Among other remarkable exhibits are glass vases from Zara, and terra-cottas and statuettes from Taranto, Syracuse, and Centuripe (near Enna, Sicily). From the Naples Museum came the silver vessels from Pompeii, whose discovery last year aroused world-wide interest.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

LUBITSCH IN SERIOUS MOOD.

IN January of last year I wrote about the work of Mr. Ernst Lubitsch in the field of screen musical comedy, for which he found in "The Love Parade" and its successors a new form of purely kinematic expression and set a new standard. At that time, Mr. Lubitsch was attacked in

It is a story outwardly on very simple lines, nor has the director overlooked its many opportunities for a pathos which the sophisticated may dismiss as sheerly sentimental. But in construction it is masterly, moving forward deliberately, decorated by sidelights on life in a little German town, deepened by a profound knowledge of human nature, never losing its grip on the main theme. Not only does Mr. Lubitsch establish all his characters, even down to the gossips and the citizens gathered round their

sloughs off his despair, his touch gains in power. And as he plays, the girl unlocks the piano, silent no longer. Together they fill the room with music. The sad little home is full of it; the old couple on the sofa, hand in hand, smilingly recognise a message in a language that knows no frontiers. A lovely scene, and a fitting climax to a picture that, within its own frame, is, to my mind, flawlessly composed.

Coming finally to the actors, one must give pride of place to that fine and astoundingly versatile artist, Mr. Lionel Barrymore. This is not to say that the rest of the parts, even to the minor characters, each one a perfect type, are not admirably filled. Indeed, Miss Nancy Carroll has never done better work than her frank and fearless Else, restrained, yet disclosing, at times, an undercurrent of deep feeling. Mr. Philip Holmes brings to the difficult part of the emotional



THE COMPLICATIONS OF FILM-MAKING AS A SCENE IN "THE LOST SQUADRON": VON FÜRST (ERICH VON STROHEIM; LEFT), THE MAD FILM DIRECTOR WHO MURDERS ONE OF HIS "STUNT AVIATORS" BY TAMPERING WITH THE CONTROLS OF HIS MACHINE.

"The Lost Squadron," which was presented at the Tivoli the other day, is a romance woven round the thrilling profession of "aeroplane-crashing" for films at Hollywood. The story is by Dick Grace, the "undisputed head of Hollywood's dare-devil stunt aviators."

some quarters for basing his success on the tricks of a brilliant technique, and the accusation prompted me to hope that he might be tempted to turn to serious drama after his musical escapades, because he would then bring into action again those constructive qualities which marked some of his earlier work, and thus be able to prove that his gifts are far above and beyond a mere virtuosity in technique.

My hope has been realised in "The Man I Killed," which comes to the Carlton when "The Shanghai Express" has run its course. The picture is based on M. Maurice Rostand's play. It has been adapted for the screen by Mr. Reginald Berkeley, who has not only done his work extremely well with an effective economy of dialogue, but, in diverging from the original ending of the drama, has found a solution that is both satisfactory and convincing. M. Rostand's play is a study in post-war emotion, and, what is more, an emotion that is definitely racial and individual. As a stage play, these two factors raised barriers which an English audience found difficult to overcome; but the genius of Mr. Lubitsch, his masterly creation of an atmosphere which he is able to illuminate by the full use of his medium, and a pictorial power that draws us into the heart of the conflict, have succeeded in giving to this drama of French and German mentalities a universal appeal.

A young musician, sensitive, impressionable, finding complete happiness in his music, is flung into the vortex of the war. He kills a German soldier, a youth like himself, who dies with a mute appeal in his eyes which dwells forever in the Frenchman's mind. He finds no comfort in the Church, nor can he reconcile the solace of "a soldier's duty" offered by the priest in the Confessional with his horror of having killed. A desperate need for forgiveness drives him to seek out his victim's family, whose address he has read in a letter written by the German before the attack. But when at length he confronts the old doctor and his gentle wife, when he is welcomed by Else, the dead boy's fiancée, who has seen the Frenchman laying flowers on her sweetheart's grave, when three faces light up at the mere words, stammered out as a prelude to confession, that he knew "Walter," he is unable to proceed. With a pathetic revival of interest in life, they hang on his words. He can tell them of Walter, of his last leave in Paris, of happy days spent—they leap to the conclusion—with the Frenchman. He finds himself forced to give them the comfort they yearn for, and in so doing helps the old doctor to leaven his hatred of the enemy with a truer perspective of war. Love grows out of the ashes of the past. Many days pass before the tortured musician finds the strength to blurt out the truth to Else, and it is she who, after the first recoil, points the way to peace. The old people must never know the truth. The Frenchman must stay; his silence must foster the tremulous dream of returning happiness—herein lies the atonement he has so passionately sought.

ness for the intolerant), finding the greater qualities in little people, championing the cause of universal brotherhood.

Mr. Lubitsch's recourse to the musical accompaniment is interesting in that he uses it boldly whenever he feels that it has anything to add to the emotional content of the picture, and that without any disturbance of actuality. This, by the way, carries out my recent contention that music, without any visible justification for its presence, is gradually resuming its rightful place in the kinema. But in this case the occasional accompaniment is gathered up into the culminating scene, where it supplies a serene *point d'orgue* to a period of distress. The doctor, having wholeheartedly accepted his alien visitor, fetches his son's violin that has lain so long untouched and hands it over, an olive branch of peace, to the French musician. Constrained to play, at first against his will, he gradually



"REPUTATION": CONSTANCE BENNETT AS VENICE MUIR, THE SHY AMERICAN WHO LEARNS THE SOCIAL ARTS AND ACQUIRES A "PAST" IN PARIS.

"Reputation," presented at the Regal, is based upon the novel, "Lady With a Past," and tells the story of a romantic girl who cannot attract men because she is shyer and more serious than the other beauties in her social set. Arrived in Paris, she blossoms into a real charmer under the tutelage of a gigolo; and, through no fault of her own, acquires a past which rivals that of the suspected husband-poisoner who is her rival. In our illustration she is seen with the French nobleman (Albert Conti) who asks her to marry him in the hope of securing her fortune and, when she refuses him, commits suicide.

Frenchman a sincerity that robs it of all mawkishness, and Miss Louise Carter's quiet resignation as the mother merges beautifully into her acceptance of renewed happiness.

But Mr. Barrymore's Doctor Holderlin dominates the picture, though his appearance, his voice, his gestures, and his very walk are subjugated in the complete likeness of the old German *Familienvater* he portrays. With something of the wounded lion in his shaggy dignity, the rekindling of the old fires, the birth of a new and richer philosophy, the ultimate contented basking in the sun of a young romance, are painted in with a sure touch, until the whole man stands before us, a personality and yet, at the same time, a symbol of life that "must go on" in mutual understanding.

In "The Man I Killed," Mr. Ernst Lubitsch has prepared a triumphant answer for the few who were inclined to under-rate his lighter-hearted inspirations. Technical audacities, deliberate artificialities, and all the glitter of his musical fantasies are but one aspect of a master-mind that preserves its penetration and its vision whilst it travels from gay to grave.



POLA NEGRI IN HER FIRST TALKING-PICTURE, "A WOMAN COMMANDS": A SCENE FROM THE "RURITANIAN" ROMANCE; SHOWING THE DANCER-WIFE OF THE KING ATTENDING A REVIEW IN HER HONOUR.

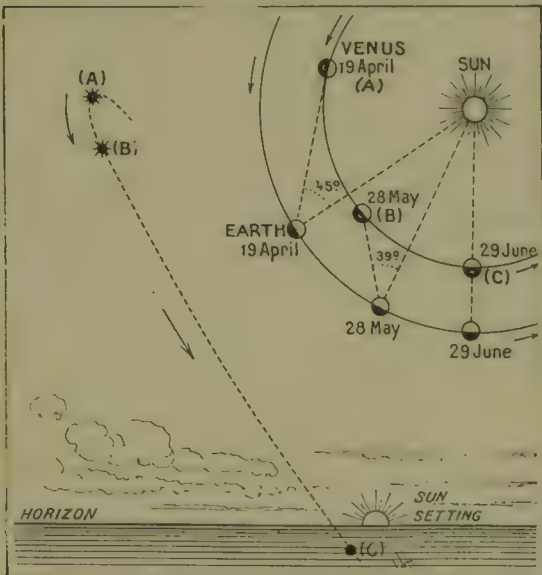
At this review, the Queen's former lover, an officer in the army, refuses to salute her. He is imprisoned, and subsequently heads a revolution which ends in the reconciliation of the lovers. "A Woman Commands" was recently presented at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VENUS-LIGHT: THE PLANET NOW AT HER BRIGHTEST.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION BY LUCIEN RUDAUX.



MAGIC LANTERN EFFECTS OBTAINED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY, WITH AN EXPOSURE OF 20 MINUTES, BY THE UNDAID LIGHT OF THE PLANET VENUS.



THE MOVEMENT AND PHASES OF VENUS FROM APRIL TO JUNE: (ABOVE) VENUS AND THE EARTH ON THEIR ORBITS AT VARIOUS DATES (MARKED AT A, B, AND C)—B REPRESENTING VENUS' MAXIMUM BRILLIANCE; (BELOW) PHASES OF THE PLANET AND HER APPARENT INCREASE OF DIAMETER AS SHE APPROACHES THE EARTH, PASSING BETWEEN IT AND THE SUN.



A SHADOW OF A BRANCH OF HAWTHORN, OBTAINED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY, WITH 15 MINUTES' EXPOSURE, BY THE UNDAID LIGHT OF VENUS—ENLARGEMENT SHOWING THE CURIOUS PHENOMENON OF FRINGES OF DIFFRACTION AT THE EDGES.



THE LIGHT OF VENUS ILLUMINATING THE SKY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH 20 MINUTES' EXPOSURE AND A MAGIC LANTERN CONDENSER (VENUS MASKED BY THE OBSERVATORY CUPOLA).

that coming directly from the planet, towards which the tube is pointed and kept for the desired time. This condition is obtained by placing the apparatus on an astronomical instrument, by which the planet's apparent motion can be followed correctly. Such pictures are particularly interesting when the object shadowed is placed at some distance from the plate. A record of the *diffraction* can in that way be obtained, tracing curious luminous zones according to the outlines of the

[Continued in Box 3.]

THE planet Venus has lately been a brilliant object in the evening sky, near the crescent Moon, and through field-glasses could be seen to be herself crescent-shaped. She is indeed so bright as to be visible in the day-time, on a clear day, to the naked eye, to those who know where to look. These illustrations by M. Lucien Rudaux, the well-known French astronomer, are therefore of special interest just now. "Under present conditions," he writes, "Venus is playing the part of a veritable 'little Moon,' spreading a perceptible light on the Earth. By her soft radiance objects can be easily distinguished, and their shadows, if interposed before a light surface, are clearly defined; this fact can easily be proved on a sheet of white paper, in the complete absence, of course, of any artificial light. Though for watching the skies the absence of clouds is desirable, a few of them, if they pass near Venus, will make one appreciate the more, by their black silhouettes and fine reflections, her relative brilliance. This general illumination of the sky is sufficiently marked to permit the taking of somewhat detailed photographs, as here seen. The apparatus used was a simple magic lantern condenser, wretched in respect of clearness of the image, but precious for its extended field of view and luminosity, an essential condition in the circumstances. No optical artifice has to be used to obtain good pictures of the shadow of an object by the light of Venus. It is enough to put a sensitive plate behind the object selected, at the foot of a rather long tube designed to eliminate any luminous radiance other than

[Continued in Box 2.]



THE LIGHT OF VENUS ILLUMINATING THE SKY, CLOUDS, AND SEA, ON A STORMY EVENING DURING LAST APRIL: A DRAWING BY M. LUCIEN RUDAUX.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LUMINOUS TRACK OF VENUS, SHOWING ITS REMARKABLE PREPONDERANCE OVER THAT OF ORDINARY STARS AND DIMINUTION OF LIGHT DUE TO ABSORPTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE, OF WHICH THE WIDTH TO BE CROSSED INCREASES AS THE STARS ARE NEARER THE HORIZON.

object. The explanation of this phenomenon, caused by the undulating motion of light, cannot be given in a few words, and demands the study of a treatise on physics. It is related—to draw an analogy—to that of the waves on the surface of the water, which, when they encounter any obstacle to their spreading, surround it more or less by an enveloping process. Soon the brightness of Venus will cease to illumine the fine evenings. The planet's motion (as seen on our diagram) is—to all appearance—bringing her rapidly towards the Sun, in whose neighbourhood she will be lost to sight during June. Her maximum brilliance is visible now as a result of the conditions of distance and size of the illuminated portion of her globe which we can perceive. The succession of her phases, quite similar to those of the Moon, forms one of the most beautiful and most easily studied of astronomical spectacles, as it can be observed by means of a simple telescope. On June 29, Venus will pass between the Earth and the Sun, a little below the latter. Turning towards us her non-illuminated side, she will be practically invisible, but astronomers armed with sufficiently powerful instruments will try to discover her in the form of a brilliant ring due to illumination, by counter-light, of the atmospheric layer that surrounds her. Afterwards continuing her course she will pass the Sun, leave it rapidly, and once more lavish upon us her light, but then during the summer sunrise."



IN the ninetieth anniversary number of *The Illustrated London News* were a great many entertaining wood-cuts from early issues, and the original wood-blocks of the first publication in 1842 are to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It



1. AN ENGRAVING BY THE MASTER "E. S.": THE LETTER Y—FORMED OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, THE PRINCESS AND AN ANGEL.

occurs to me that it might be amusing to go back nearly four centuries from that date to the beginnings of the craft of printing from wood-blocks in Europe. As far as I know, there is no recent account of these early wood-cuts in English: Mr. Martin Conway—now Lord Conway—published a book about them in the eighties, and Mr. Campbell Dodgson was responsible for the British Museum catalogue, with its admirable introduction, a dozen years later; but, apart from a comparatively few specialists, most people in this country obtain a somewhat vague knowledge of the subject from the fascinating auction catalogues issued at intervals by the house of C. G. Boerner at Leipzig—from one of which the illustrations to this article have been taken—or, if they have the time at their disposal, from the Print Room at the British Museum. But the majority of those who glance at this page are probably not in the habit of invading the Print Room, or of putting to the proof the invariable and notorious courtesy of the officials who spend their lives in its cloistered calm.

There is one important technical difference between the nineteenth-century wood-cut and its remote ancestor which it is well to point out at once. The former is printed from a block of wood—usually boxwood—cut across the grain; the latter is printed from a block cut "on the plank"—that is, with the grain. The result is that all early wood-engraving was done with the knife: it was simply a process of cutting: only wood cut across the grain will stand the action of the graver or burin; the latter instrument would merely tear the fibre if used with the grain. Thus the process used for the blocks from which the first issue of this paper was printed was more efficient and capable of greater flexibility than the old method. At the same time, the fifteenth-century cutter, like his opposite number of 1842, was a mechanic rather than an artist. It was the artist who drew the design on the block, and the cutter who actually made the block; the latter could spoil a good design by inferior craftsmanship, and in this sense he was an artist, but in this sense only.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EARLY WOOD-CUTS AND EARLY ENGRAVING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Improvement in technique came when great artists—for example, Dürer—realised the difficulties of the medium, and drew designs that were miraculously suited to the mechanical difficulties of the operation.

In the beginning, round about the year 1400, and before the invention of printing in movable types—that is, printing in the strict sense of the term—someone thought of the idea of a book of illustrations printed from wood-blocks. Lettering, if any, would have to be cut on the block. These block-books—made originally for the edification of the people, and meant to be coloured by hand, and now, naturally, very rare and precious—were done in pure line, with no shading or hatching, and it was only after about 1475, according to Lord Conway, that wood-cuts in the same style came into printed books as illustrations. A little later, in the 1480's, some hatching is found, and by 1491 the Netherlands were influenced by French wood-cuts, which were worked in large quantities of delicately shaded lines. The Dutch and Flemish tried to imitate these importations, but "the outlines were rude, and the old childishness gone," so that the last decade of the fifteenth century in the Low Countries was an age of decline. The same writer points out that anyone could print his own books, and goes so far as to say that "people purchased blocks from the wood-cutter, not books from the printer." Perhaps this last assertion needs a little qualification, but it does emphasise the fact that the important part of the business was the making of the blocks, and that the printing operation was comparatively simple.

With the invention of printing proper, the wood-cut takes its place naturally and inevitably as the means of book illustration, sometimes in a rather haphazard manner. If the printer was rather short of blocks, for example, he did not in the least mind making the same illustration do duty for two different episodes, while cuts designed for one book were often used for another. A big business was done in cheap prints at the various places which attracted pilgrims,

in much the same way as picture postcards are sold to-day; but it is not surprising that flimsy souvenirs of this character sold mostly to poor people have only



2. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY COPPER-ENGRAVING—LESS NAIVE AND MORE ACCOMPLISHED WORK THAN THE WOOD-CUT SEEN IN FIG. 3: THE LETTER P—MADE UP OF THREE ORIENTALS, A DRAGON, AND TWO EAGLES—BY A MASTER KNOWN ONLY BY HIS INITIALS, "E. S."

survived if they happen to have been pasted into a book. The "penny plain and twopence coloured" sales ticket was no doubt common, for there is evidence that the famous *Nuremberg Chronicle* cost two Rhenish florins unbound and uncoloured, and six bound and coloured.

Signatures are very rare in the fifteenth century, and only very seldom did the cutter attempt to reproduce a picture—that is, a version of a known original. Finally, it is necessary to emphasise the point that the impression on the paper came from the raised portion of the block after the surrounding wood had been cut away, and not, as in etchings, both early and late, printed from a metal plate, from lines bitten into the metal and filled with ink, and the ink wiped away from the untouched surface.

Fig. 3 on this page is a fine example of a German wood-cut of about 1460—coloured in red, green, and brown, and a charming and edifying popular representation of the Bible story. Compare this delightful wood-cut with the two other illustrations by the master known to us only by the initials E. S. These are examples of engraving on a copper plate—the work not of the knife, but of the burin—and show very well even in a small scale reproduction the high attainment, both in design and in technique (note especially the gradations of light and shade), of this anonymous, but indubitably great artist. These two elaborate initial letters, P and Y, are as good examples of what we loosely call the Gothic tradition, with its vivid imagination and truth to nature, as it is possible to find. They both date from about the year 1465—that is, towards the end of the artist's life. E. S. has been tentatively identified as the father of Israel von Meckenen—the latter inherited his plates. Whatever his name, he was the greatest engraver of his time.



3. A FINE EARLY WOOD-CUT: "THE LAST JUDGMENT"—GERMAN WORK OF ABOUT 1460—COLOURED IN RED, GREEN, AND BROWN; AND SHOWING THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE DAMNED BEING USHERED INTO THEIR SEPARATE COMPARTMENTS AT THE FOOT.

AN OLD MASTER'S METHODS REVEALED BY AN INCOMPLETE WORK.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.



FRA BARTOLOMMEO'S CRAFTSMANSHIP IN THE PAINTING OF A PICTURE: THE BEAUTIFUL UNFINISHED "HOLY FAMILY," BOUGHT BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND FOR PRESENTATION TO THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE.

This unfinished picture of the Holy Family, which is by Fra Bartolommeo (1472-1517), was the most interesting purchase made at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Art-Collections Fund. It is of special value, in that its state reveals the artist's methods, and, for that reason, it is peculiarly fitting that it should be destined for the Courtauld Institute, where art experts, critics, and students will be able to scan it in detail and,

of course, the general public will be able to see it. As our photograph shows, only the children are finished, with careful modelling in colour. Otherwise, the ground, as Dr. Waagen has pointed out, is covered merely with a thin surface of brown lake, with the outlines of the figures and draperies drawn with the brush in dark-brown tones. The background is black. In the figure of the Virgin there are indications of grey shadows.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RUSSIAN political idealism seems to favour the bullet as a medium of expression, whether fired by fanatical assassins imbued with "Fascist" and anti-Bolshevist principles, or by the official and semi-official executioners of the opposite persuasion. Personally, I have had little contact with Russian mentality, except as represented by a refugee journalist who had taken sanctuary in the tranquil Vale of Maida, and was writing adventure stories and travel sketches in English. Although he was a considerable loser by the Revolution, he appeared inclined to accept the Soviet régime as a *fait accompli*. At any rate, he did not flourish a revolver, and his leisure moments were chiefly devoted to raising chickens. He was my only link with Moscow, and he long since faded from my ken. So it is mainly on the printed word that I rely for the Truth about Russia; and the printed word is apt to be conflicting, while Truth, as ever, is elusive.

Quite a number of works about Russia have been accumulating on my table. First I hark back into the seventeenth century in "A CAVALIER IN MUSCOVY." By Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. With eighteen Illustrations (Macmillan; 15s.). This well-written book illuminates Russia in the early days of the Romanovs, while it is associated with the dynasty's tragic end through the author herself, who was the last lady-in-waiting with the Imperial family in their Siberian captivity, and is the late Tsaritsa's biographer. The Baroness has also (as appears from a footnote) an ancestral connection with the Scottish hero of her present volume, who married in Moscow the daughter of Colonel Philip Albert Bockhoven, "said to have belonged to the Livonian family of Buxhoeveden." Colonel Bockhoven had served in Charles the First's foreign legion, and married a Welsh girl named Vaughan.

Introducing her "Cavalier," the author writes: "Among the Scots who served Muscovy in the reigns of both Alexei and Peter (the Great) was one who rose to prominence, namely, Patrick Gordon. Chance enabled him twice to intervene at a moment of crisis and by his decisive action to save Tsar Peter's throne for him. At the outset of Peter's reign it was Gordon who started reforming the Tsar's army on European lines; he was one of his military advisers in his first campaign.... As a basis for my work," she continues, "I have availed myself of Gordon's diaries." She has also quoted freely an account of a sojourn in Russia by Dr. Samuel Collins, the Tsar's English physician from 1661 to 1669. Many other sources are enumerated in a bibliography. Byron, we are reminded, alludes to the principal character as

General Gordon
Who girded his sword on
To serve with a Muscovite master.

Several other Britons figure in the book—for instance, the Earl of Carlisle, envoy to Moscow from Charles II., and Sir Paul Menzies, a Colonel in the Foreign Legion and at one time the Tsar's envoy abroad. Furthermore, the Tsaritsa Natalia (Tsar Alexei's second wife) had relatives of Scottish extraction. We learn something, too, about the relations of the Russian Court with France, with amusing allusions to Court etiquette and royal manners of the period. "Potemkin, the Tsar's envoy," we read, "was courteously received by Louis XIV. During his audience, the Russian envoy was taken aback by the King's enquiring after the Tsar's health without removing his befeathered headgear. He was on the point of retiring in deep offence, when *le Roi Soleil* condescended to have it explained to the Muscovite that it was not the custom of his country for him to lift his hat to any man."

In one matter, at least, seventeenth-century Russia seems to have been given a lead to Western Europe. Thus, of Alexei's second wedding, we are told: "On the morning after his nuptials the Tsar had repaired in state to his steam bath, as tradition demanded. Natalia went through the same rite in her part of the Palace. Alexei in general used his bath several times a week. In personal hygiene he seems to have been far ahead of his contemporary, Louis XIV. The great French King had no use

for a bath at all, and his rudimentary ablutions consisted in wiping his face and hands with alcohol every second day." On many other points of social custom in Russia the book throws revealing side-lights, as, for example, on the position of women ("wife-beating was an everyday occurrence"), cosmetics, primitive medical treatment, and barbarous methods of torture and execution.

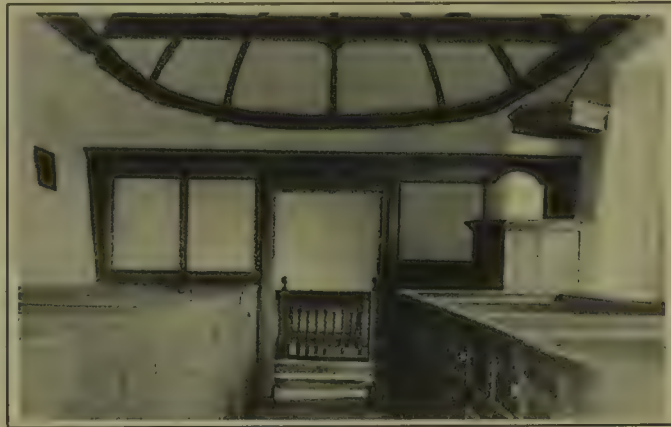
Books concerning modern Russia under the Soviet vary much in point of view and the nature of the experience they describe. It is important to remember the date of the events recorded by the several authors, for much water has flowed under the bridges of the Neva and the Volga since the days of the Terror. Although we still hear from time to time of political executions in Russia, there are signs of more humane conditions. Such indications occur in "A SCIENTIST AMONG THE SOVIETS." By Julian Huxley, Hon. Lecturer in Experimental Zoology, King's College, London, author of "Africa View" (Chatto and Windus; 3s. 6d.). Professor Huxley offers his new book as the fruit of a visit to Russia last summer with



BEFORE RESTORATION: THE CHURCH AT WINTERBORNE TOMSON, WHICH IS SITUATED PRACTICALLY IN A FARMYARD.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH BEFORE RESTORATION: A VIEW LOOKING EAST.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AFTER RESTORATION: A VIEW LOOKING EAST.

A SMALL DORSET CHURCH RESTORED AS A MEMORIAL TO THOMAS HARDY: THE OLD BUILDING AT WINTERBORNE TOMSON RECENTLY RE-DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF SHERBORNE.

The Bishop of Sherborne recently re-dedicated this old Dorset village church. It is St. Andrew's, Winterborne Tomson, and it has been restored in memory of Thomas Hardy. It is situated on the edge of Egdon Heath, immortalised by Hardy, and three miles from Bere Regis, the Kingsbere of the Wessex novels. It stands practically in a farmyard, had fallen into disuse, and was rapidly decaying. Pigs, fowls, and even cattle took refuge in it. The church seats about sixty persons, and has a musicians' gallery at the back. Its age is unknown, but during the restoration there was found what appeared to be the head of a figure dating back to about 1300.

a party of scientific and medical men and women organised by the Society for Cultural Relations. To emphasise the difference between life in Russia and elsewhere, he says: "Imagine a biologist in a world peopled only by vertebrates; and then introduce him to a lobster." And again: "Communist Russia is organised on lines quite alien to those of the rest of the world. In many respects the visitor must grow accustomed to standing, intellectually speaking, on his head, for many of the fundamental ideas of the country are opposed to all his preconceived thinking."

Professor Huxley points out that there are two mutually contradictory legends afloat in the world about Russia. One, which may be called the Bad Bolshevik legend, asserts that the present Government is a corrupt, cruel, and ignoble tyranny. The opposite view may be called the Roseate Russia legend, which maintains that the Russians are infinitely better off than before the Revolution, and are moving rapidly towards conditions far exceeding those under any capitalist régime. "The two legends," he adds, "are both false. Nor can the truth be arrived at by summing the two, for the truth is not a crude mixture of opposites, but subtle and complicated. . . . Russia to-day is a transition between a mediæval past and a Communist future, a compromise between a chaos and a plan." Among other points in its favour, the author mentions "the elevation of science and scientific method to its proper place in affairs."

Another scientific man describes very different experiences, this time in Asiatic Russia between 1918 and 1924, in "HUNTED THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA." By P. S. Nazároff.

Translated by Malcolm Burr, author of "In Bolshevik Siberia," with Frontispiece and Map (Blackwood; 7s. 6d.). Here we have a remarkable blend of thrilling adventure and scientific observation. After the failure of an anti-Bolshevik rising at Tashkend in 1918, the author, who had taken a leading part in it, sought refuge among half-savage nomads, and for two years lived a hunted life in Turkestan. Eventually, after some hairbreadth escapes from Cheka agents, he succeeded in crossing the Tien Shan mountains into Kashgar. Throughout his wanderings, he kept his eyes open as a naturalist, and the story of his adventures is interspersed with notes on animals, birds, plants, and the domestic customs of the Sarts and the Kirghiz tribes among whom he lived. The author's personality, marked by courage, humour, and tenacity, enhances the attraction of an unusually interesting book.

We return to European Russia of the present day in a book that describes a more extended tour than that of Professor Huxley, and in much fuller detail—namely, "FROM BALTIC TO BLACK SEA." Impressions of Soviet Russia To-day. By Archibald Forman, M.C. With thirty-six Illustrations (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). The author, who wields a lively pen, sticks closely to a record of things he actually saw during a journey of 4000 miles last autumn in the chief parts of Soviet Russia. Being himself a barrister, he was, of course, specially interested in legal proceedings, and he includes an astonishing scene of justice being administered in Moscow by a middle-aged woman of the working class, with a workman sitting on each side of her, and a woman secretary taking notes. Another account of a journey in present-day Russia is a little book called "RUSSIAN CLOSE-UP." By C. F. A. Maitland-Makgill Crichton (Chatto and Windus; 5s.). Here we have the impressions of a young man gathered during a short trip of less than a fortnight that took him to Leningrad, Moscow, and Kiev. He does not profess to do more than give a simple narrative of his tour, with the main object of inducing others to imitate it. His description is candid, unbiased, and unpretentious.

There have been many records of personal experiences under the Terror in the early days of the Revolution, written by members of the Russian aristocracy who succeeded in escaping. Here are two notable examples. A young woman, who, since quitting a Russian prison by the aid of two American doctors on relief service, has found happiness in the New World, tells her dramatic story in "A WORLD CAN END." By Irina Skariätina (Mrs. Victor F. Blakeslee), formerly

Countess Irina Wladimirovna Keller. Illustrated (Cape; 12s. 6d.). Reminiscences of another aristocrat who came near to being shot are told in "SEED AND HARVEST." By Vladimir Korostovetz. Translated from the German by Dorothy Lumby (Faber and Faber; 18s.). The first part gives an amusing picture of Russian domestic life under the old régime, of a type now gone beyond recall.

A "rift within the lute" of Bolshevik solidarity became apparent through a sensational incident in Paris a few years ago, when the Soviet Minister had to flee from his own Embassy and seek police protection. He relates his experiences, from 1919 onwards, leading up to this *dénouement*, in "REVELATIONS OF A SOVIET DIPLOMAT." By Grigory Bessedovsky. Translated by Matthew Norgate (Williams and Norgate; 7s. 6d.). The author is a bitter opponent of the Stalin régime. Two books bear on German contacts with Russia and Bolshevism, during and since the War. The political future is discussed, after a tour of inquiry, in "GERMANY—FASCIST OR SOVIET?" By H. R. Knickerbocker. With 16 Illustrations (Lane; 8s. 6d.). We get the smoke of battle, thrills of spying, capture and imprisonment, narrow escapes, and wanderings across Siberia and Mongolia, in a translation from the German entitled "SECRET SERVICE ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT." By Max Wild (Bles; 10s. 6d.). Finally, just as we go to Press, two more books arrive that must be briefly noted—"SEEING SOVIET RUSSIA." An informative record of the cheapest trip in Europe (Lane; 3s. 6d.); and "THE LAND OF TIMUR." Recollections of Russian Turkestan. By A. Polovtsoff. Illustrated by B. Litvinoff (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). C. E. B.

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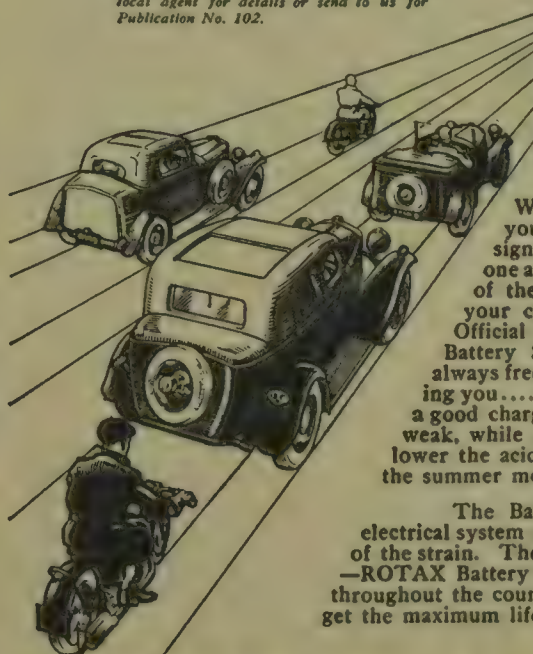
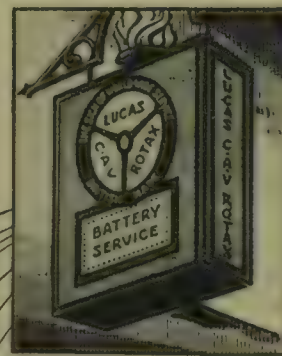
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE "RING" AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE performance of "Das Rheingold" on the second night of the season, under Professor Robert Heger, was of such invigorating and sterling quality as to promise well for the rest of the cycle. The cast was of excellent material all round, and the new Wotan, Ludwig Hofmann, was a complete success; and this is saying a great deal considering that he follows such an artist as Friedrich Schorr in this rôle. Hofmann has a tall, commanding presence and a fine voice; his diction is also exceptionally clear, and the only criticism I have to make of his singing was that his rhythm was occasionally a little vague. It is the extraordinarily precise, clearly articulated rhythm that makes Schorr's singing so remarkable; this quality is of particular value in Wagner's "Ring," where the leading personages "orate" at such length. These Wagnerian orations can so easily become boring and meaningless unless they are sung with the most vivid and intelligent phrasing. On this occasion all Wagner's symbolism took on a new meaning in the light of recent experience. The curse of gold and all the disasters which proceed from its hoarding, which are pre-saged in this prelude to the "Ring" and unfolded in the subsequent trilogy, made the plight of the gods in "Rheingold" extraordinarily real. In "Rheingold" we get Wagner's finest conceptions, if not his finest execution. No doubt the later parts of the "Ring" have an even more assured and dazzling craftsmanship than "Rheingold," but in "Rheingold" we get the first bold imaginative ideas of Wagner's vast conception in their first freshness, and the

complete absence of those love duets which occupy so much of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" makes "Rheingold" unique among Wagner's operas.

Of the rest of the cast, Eduard Habich's Alberich, Heinrich Tessmer's Mime, and Maria Olszewska's Fricka are sufficiently well known not to need special comment. Of the English members of the cast,



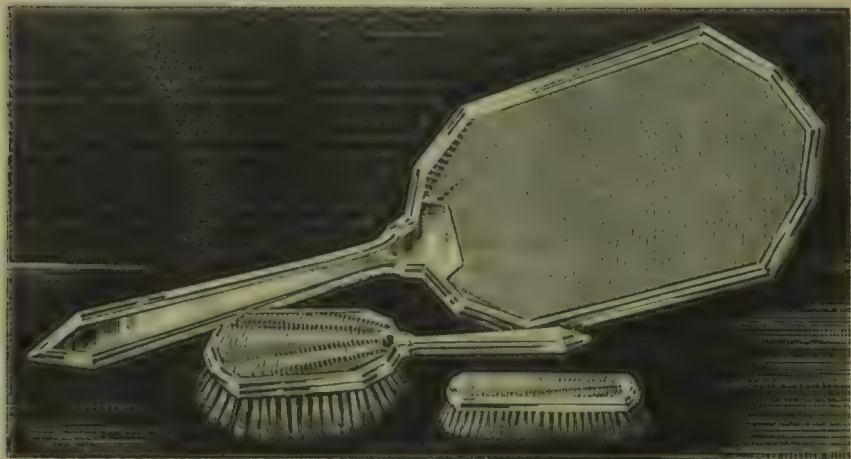
AN ORIENT LINER AND THE GREATEST SINGLE SPAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE: THE "ORFORD" PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AFTER PASSING UNDER THE SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE.

Miss Rispa Goodacre was a good Erda, and the three Rhine Maidens, Ina Souez, Betty Thompson, and Gladys Palmer, were excellent. A special word of praise must be given to Fritz Wolff's fine performance as Loge. He is the best Loge we have had at Covent Garden since the war.

A MAGNIFICENT TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

The performance of "Tristan und Isolde" under Sir Thomas Beecham on the third night of the season was memorable for what was probably the finest effort of those two outstanding exponents of the rôles of Isolde and Tristan, Frida Leider and Lauritz Melchior. Melchior improves every time he appears at Covent Garden, and never before has he sung with such fire and dignity. As for Frida Leider's Isolde, let us agree in an imperfect world to call it perfect, for it is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine anything finer. She sings marvellously, with a truly astonishing range and variety of expression; she acts with a beauty and majesty that make it a delight to watch her. Every movement has a studied simplicity and rightness that make her performance, from a solely dramatic point of view, such as we may look for in vain in the theatre proper of to-day. The rest of the cast, and in particular Otto Helgers's König Marke, Maria Olszewska's Brangäne, and Herbert Janssen's Kurwenal, were worthy of the two principals. Sir Thomas Beecham rose to the occasion and added his vitality to the effect of the most stirring and dramatic moments, such as, for example, the close of the first act. The love duet in the second act was the only place where one could have asked for more than one was given from the orchestra. There was too much alternation from "loud" to "soft," instead of the sustained orchestral ebb and swell which is the chief beauty of this scene and one of the most astonishing of Wagner's achievements. Nobody who cares for opera should miss this opportunity of hearing Frida Leider and Melchior in "Tristan und Isolde," for I can only say that their performance is, from an artistic point of view, everything that one can ask for, and completely satisfying.—W. J. TURNER.

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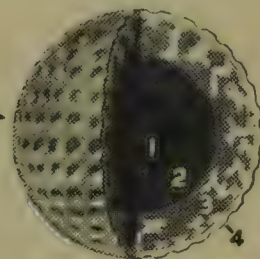
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Fig. 1.
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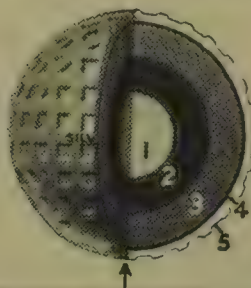


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ON Saturday, July 2, all the best-known people in the world of motor-cars will gather at Brooklands to take part in the gala meeting arranged on behalf of Guy's Hospital. There are no kinder folk



THE BRITISH MOTOR-CAR AND THE "SPANISH SCENE": A MORRIS "ISIS" SPORTS COUPÉ ON THE MAIN ROAD THROUGH THE HILLS FROM MALAGA TO GRANADA—THE CITY OF MALAGA AND THE COAST OF GRANADA IN THE BACKGROUND.

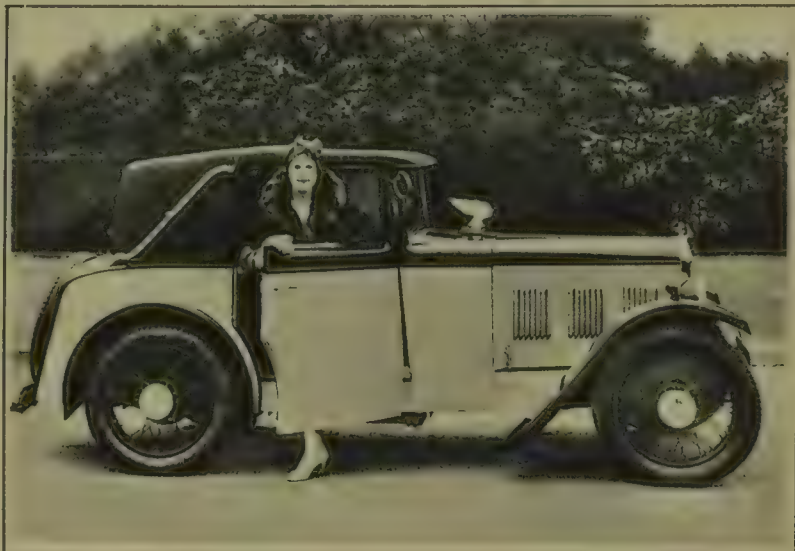
than motorists in helping to raise funds for hospitals, and on this occasion there will be a programme which should attract everybody to come and see it. There will be international competitions, nation against nation; there will be races for only 100-miles-an-hour cars; races for English cars only; races for hospital students; ladies' races and a concours d'élégance, in which prizes will be given to the "smartest owner and car," and other novel competitions. As the committee organising this gala includes the Earl of Westmorland, Earl Howe, Lord Ebbisham, Major Ian Hay Beith, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, the Hon. Richard Norton, and the Marchioness of Cambridge (who is organising the ladies' committee), it should need few words of mine to assure everybody

to pass the barriers. The concours d'élégance will group the cars into makes for competition that afternoon, the sections being Alvis, Rover, Riley, Swallow, Standard, Austin, and other makes. Aeroplanes will compete against each other, besides car musical chairs, potato and bucket races, "chariot" race and "greyhound" race, bomb-dropping, and a few more amusing events if time permits.

Isle of Man Car Races.

It was suggested some months ago by Mr. Cecil Kimber, managing-director of the M.G. Car Co., Ltd., that the famous motor-cycle Tourist Trophy course in the Isle of Man should be used for a series of light car T.T. scratch races. Owing to the lack of time, there was obviously no possibility of the races being arranged this year, but Mr. Kimber is confident that the course is suitable. With the idea of proving that this is so, he now suggests that a demonstration run should be given by two light cars immediately before the motor-cycle Senior T.T. race next June. The idea, briefly, is that the two cars should start ten minutes *after* the official car has set out on its lap to close the roads, and thus twenty minutes *before* the first competitor is despatched. This would give the car-drivers ample time to complete a fast lap on the closed circuit without the slightest inconvenience to the racing motor-cyclists. In a letter to the Auto-Cycle Union, which organises the T.T. races, Mr. Kimber mentions that Mr. Norman Black and Mr. S. A. Crabtree have both

(Continued overleaf.)



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Continued.]

signified their willingness to carry out the demonstration. Mr. Black won the R.A.C. T.T. race with an M.G. "Midget" last year, whilst Mr. Crabtree, in a similar car, was third. Both are conversant with the Isle of Man course, having competed in several motor-cycle T.T. races; Mr. Crabtree won the Light-weight event in 1929. A run such as this would undoubtedly lend interest to the motor-cycle races, and would certainly serve to prove Mr. Kimber's contention that the course is suitable for light cars. It is to be hoped that the A.C.U. will see its way to giving the necessary permission.

Le Mans 24-Hours' Motor Race.

Entries closed with a total of thirty-one cars for the 24 hours' Endurance motor race on the Le Mans road circuit on June 18 and 19. Lord Howe and Sir Henry Birkin, as the winners last year, will share the piloting of their car, while Mr. Brian Lewis (Talbot), the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd (M.G.), and Mr. F. H. B. Samuelson (M.G.) are among the drivers representing Great Britain in the event. Actually, counting the two Ford cars as British, there are ten English cars competing in this long race, including a Bentley driven by a French team, entered by M. Jean Trévoux. The entries include three 7100-c.c. Mercedes-Benz, a 5355-c.c. Stutz, a 4900-c.c. Bugatti, and a 4½-litre Bentley in the big car class. Then Messrs. Fox and Nicholl have entered two of the 3-litre Talbots, which are also running in the Tourist Trophy race in Ulster in August; a team of four 2½-litre Alfa-Romeos, including Earl Howe's car; and also a 1½-litre Alfa-Romeo entered by Mme. Siko, who had very bad luck last time she competed—these being the middle-weights in this race. A team of three 1½-litre Aston Martin cars, a couple of 1½-litre Bugattis, an Amilcar, a G.A.R., an Alta, a Caban, and the two M.G. "Midgets" are the light-weights, not forgetting a Salmson. This famous course of the Automobile Club de l'Ouest has been improved this year for the race by the building of a new road to cut out the Pontlieu corner, which every car had to take very slowly in order to round the acute angle, the apex of the course towards Le Mans. This should permit of even faster speeds and greater distances being covered in the twenty-four hours of this endurance race for the Rudge-Whitworth Cup. Also, I

am informed that there is now increased stand accommodation for spectators. As a matter of fact, this is two races run at the same time. It is the final of the Eighth Coupe Biennial and the eliminating race for the Ninth Biennial Cup. The thirty-one entries are for the latter event, but they also include the half-a-dozen survivors of last year's race, namely, M. de Tatarinoff's Mercedes-Benz, Mr. A. W. Fox's Talbot, Earl Howe's Alfa-Romeo, Aston Martin Ltd.'s Aston Martin, and M. Labric's two 1096-c.c. Caban cars. These are competing against each other for the Eighth Cup, to be won outright, two British cars against French, German, and Italian rivals.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE JACK POT," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

AN amusing enough revue, on strictly conventional lines, but lacking the attraction of a chorus—which seems rather essential in this type of entertainment. On the first night there were lengthy waits, and the devotion of the second part of the programme to a grim war play seemed ill-advised; but on the whole it was all good entertainment, and will be even more so when the production has been speeded up. There was an amusing opening, showing the possibility of conducting a rehearsal by telephone; eccentric dancing by George Campo; a bright burlesque of public characters, from a beauty queen to an Oxford coach, being interviewed; and a spectacular trapeze act by Barbette, who swung well out over the heads of the audience, to the alarm of those with delicate nerves. The songs and dances were of average quality, and in the third part were bright burlesques of "Dubarry," "Shanghai Express," "I Lived With You," and "Congress Dances," in the last of which Mr. Max Kirby gave a life-like imitation of Mr. Jack Buchanan. Miss Phyllis Monkman, abandoning her soubrette rôle, proved herself a fine character actress, scoring particularly as a Cockney "chorus" singer pleading with the audience to join in her number, "Don't 'Ang My 'Arry." Miss Marion Harris, the popular cabaret artist, sang several songs and received great applause from the majority of the audience, who appeared to like her methods.

"SOMEBODY KNOWS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Mr. John van Druten gives us a crime without a mystery, a murder without thrills, but so natural does he make his characters appear that nearly every moment grips; and even when there are occasional touches of dullness we feel that perhaps the author intended them—for they certainly would exist in real life. The play opens with a prologue. Most of this was lost through the management changing the time of the opening from half-past to a quarter-past eight, which meant that nearly half of the audience, unaware or forgetful of the alteration, spent the opening fifteen minutes struggling to their seats, or, worse still, standing and arguing as to why the curtain had already risen. However, enough came over the footlights to let us know that Mr. Edgar Norfolk was proposing to tell some friends in a restaurant the story of a murder. Then followed a flash-back, and we learnt in Act I., at the house of an ex-opera singer in Kennington, that an adopted son had rescued a young girl from the streets. Bored with humdrum suburban life, she developed the habit of stealing out at night to her familiar haunts in Soho. The hero, a curious but not unusual character, half-Galahad, half-Casanova, learns of her lapse . . . and the next morning the girl is found strangled in her bed. Who strangled Lily Coles? We hear, during an after-dinner conversation between the counsel for the defence and a friend, the line of the defence; and later, that the jury—somewhat reluctantly, we gathered—decided there was not enough evidence on which to hang Lance Perkins. So Mr. van Druten, ever topical, has added yet another unsolved murder to the growing list. But it is not as a murder mystery this play is intended to appeal. The author sets out to show the reactions on such normal middle-class people as his characters when they find themselves involved in a tragedy. His characterisation is almost perfect, and the acting could scarcely be bettered. It was impossible to believe in Miss Muriel Aked as an ex-opera singer, but as a motherly landlady she was superb. Miss Beatrix Thomson was brilliant as the street walker; Mr. Frank Lawton an excellent Lance Perkins; while Miss Cathleen Nesbitt got real emotion into the part of the girl who loved him. Mr. Lawrence Hanray's amusing performance as an elderly busy-body should not be forgotten.

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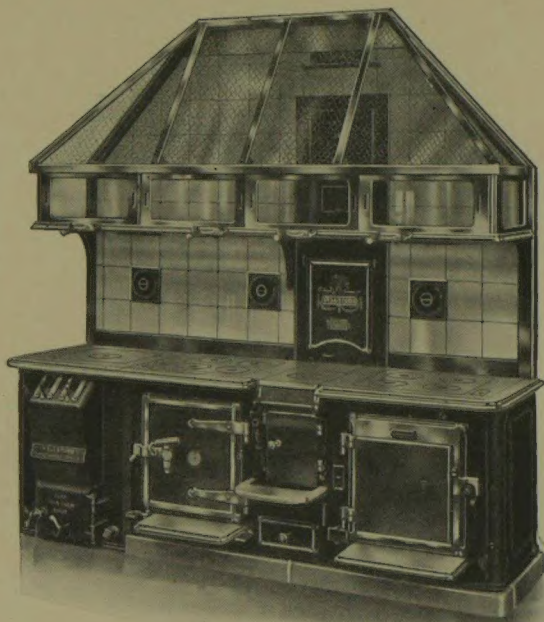
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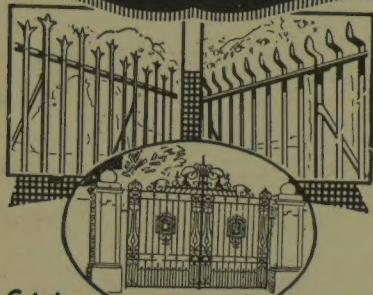
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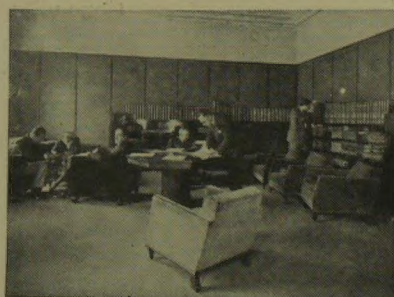
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Sir Edward: "Morning, Stuart. Won't keep you a few minutes. I want you to help me out of a quandary."

Duggie: "Anything I can do for you, Sir Edward, will be a pleasure."

Sir Edward: "During cocktail time at the Club the other day, some of the members were relating their experiences with their different bookmakers. No names were mentioned, but some of the experiences were rather disappointing."

Duggie: "I can well imagine so."

Sir Edward: "On the other hand, Colonel Blood and Freddie Carruthers maintained that bookmakers were not such bad fellows, and each of them related an experience which supported their views. A bottle of Clicquot was wagered as to which of the two agents had acted the more generously and I have to decide the argument."

Duggie: "I should like to hear the facts."

Sir Edward: "Freddie told how he sent a wire to his bookie, backing a winner, and forgot to sign it. That same evening he realized what he had done and naturally did not expect it to appear in his account. To his surprise, at the end of the week he received a cheque for his winnings. It appears that his agent, on receiving the wire, had gone to the trouble of obtaining permission from the postal officials to inspect the original wire which was handed in, identified Freddie's writing, and credited his account with the transaction. The Colonel, it appears, wrote out a wire backing a winner, handed it to a butcher's boy with a shilling. The boy pocketed the shilling and never sent the wire. Naturally, his bookmaker did not receive it, but on the facts being put before him, he decided to allow the claim."

Duggie: "I am very sorry, Sir Edward; I cannot assist you in settling the wager."

Sir Edward: "Why not?"

Duggie: "As a matter of fact, both Carruthers and Colonel Blood are clients of mine and the incidents they related occurred in connection with their transactions with me."

Sir Edward: "By Jove, what a fool I am! I might have known that you were the only man who could possibly have done such things."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

Douglas Stuart

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